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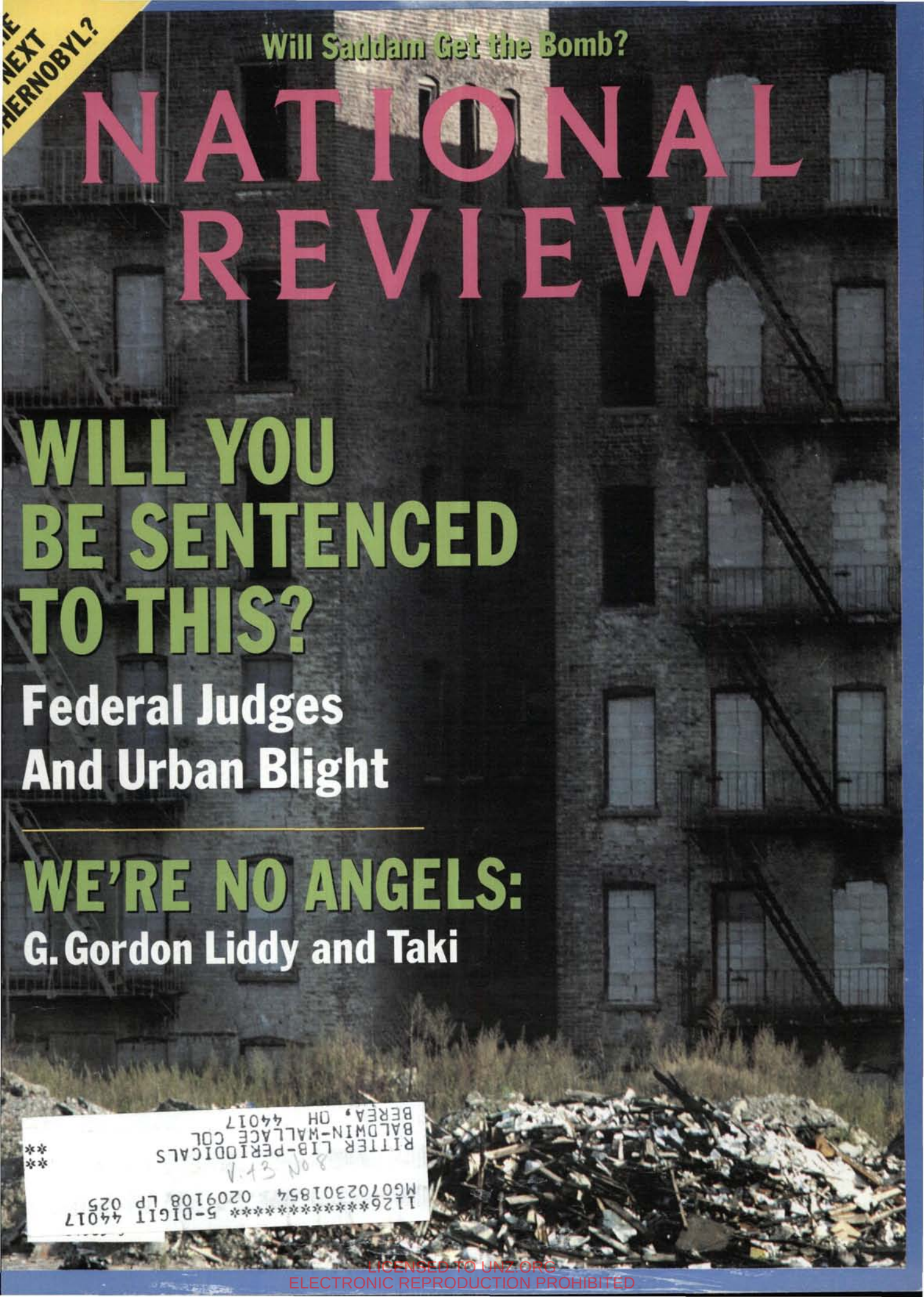

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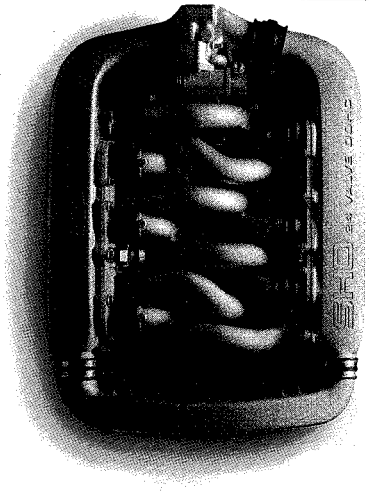

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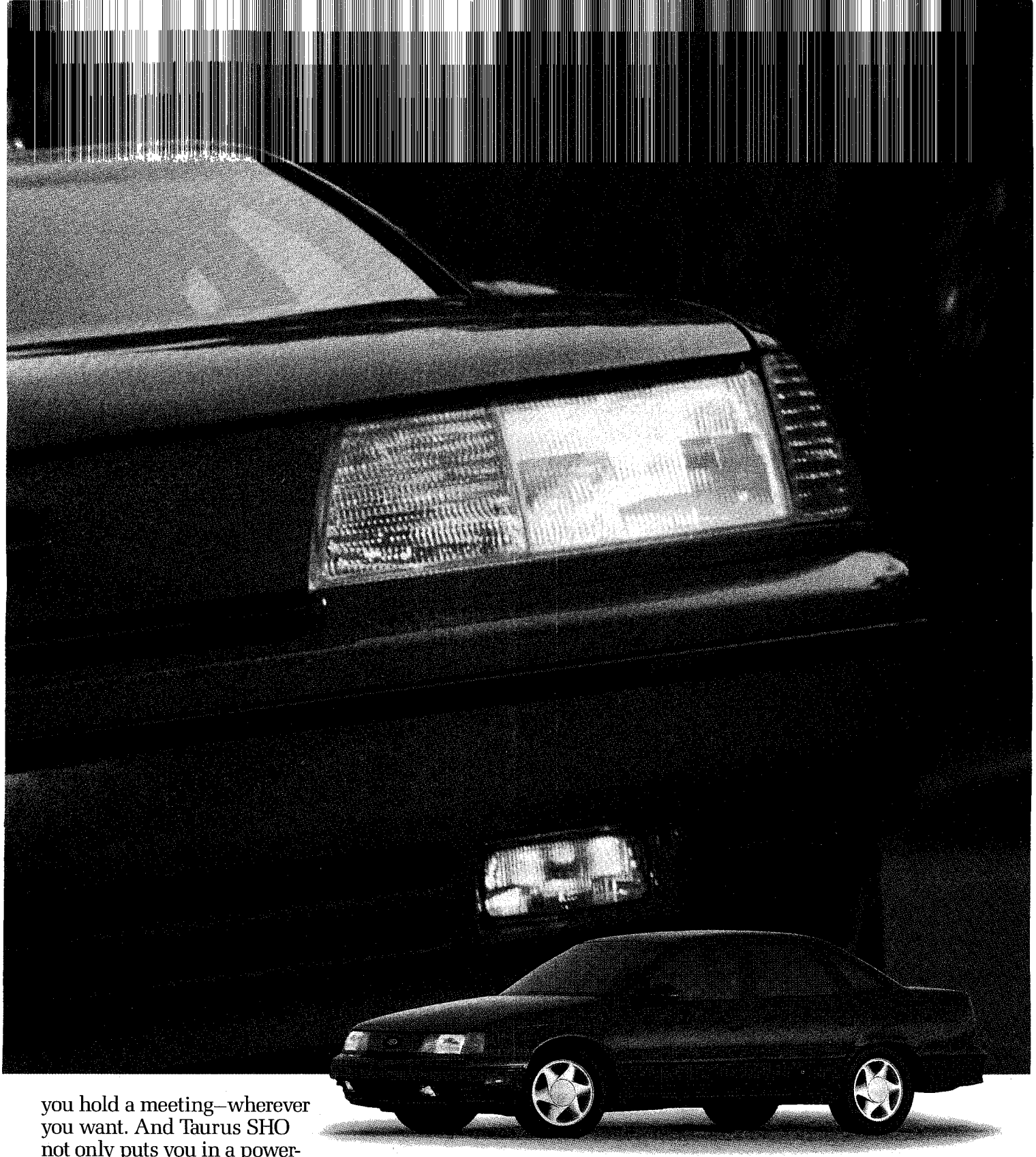

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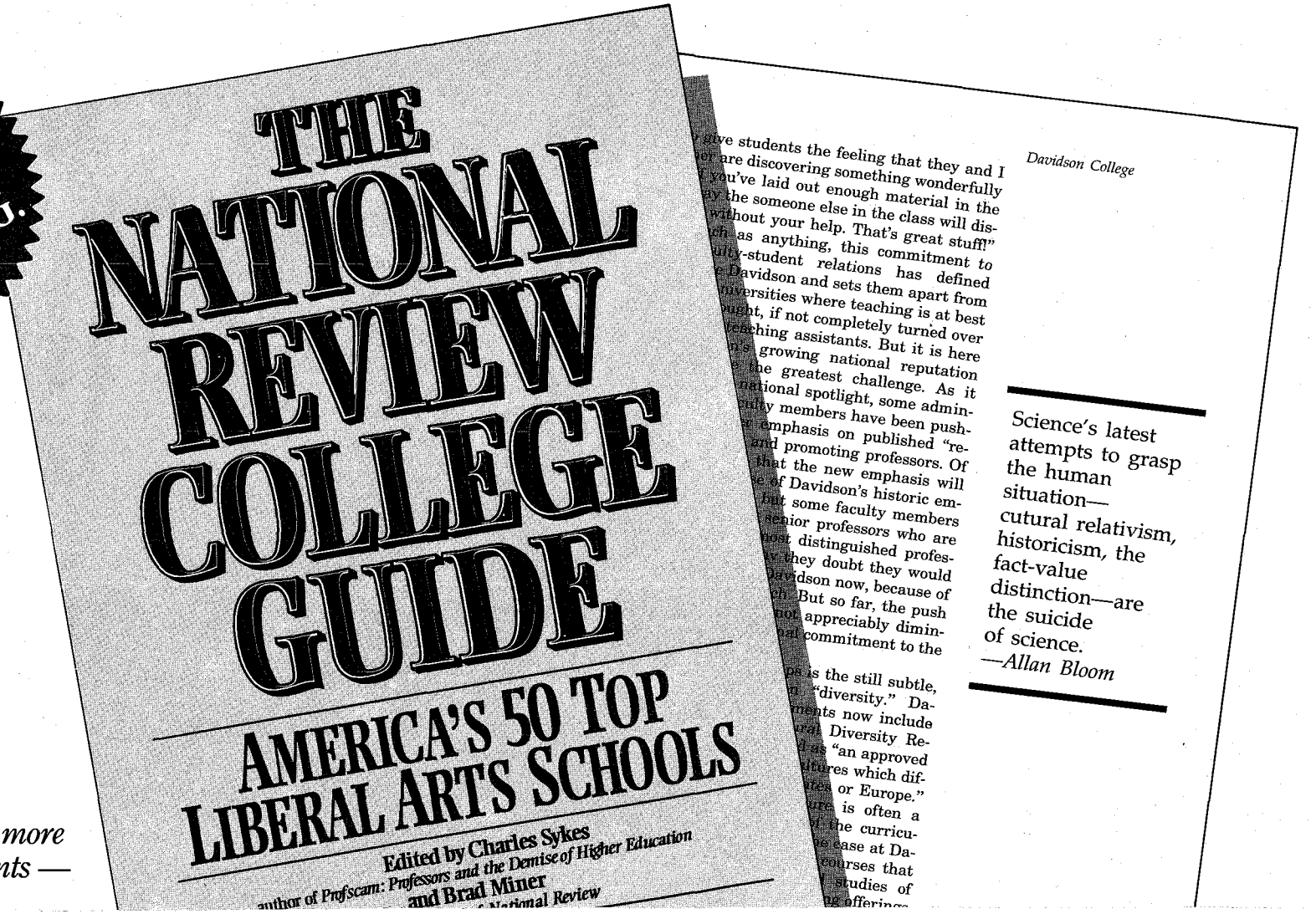
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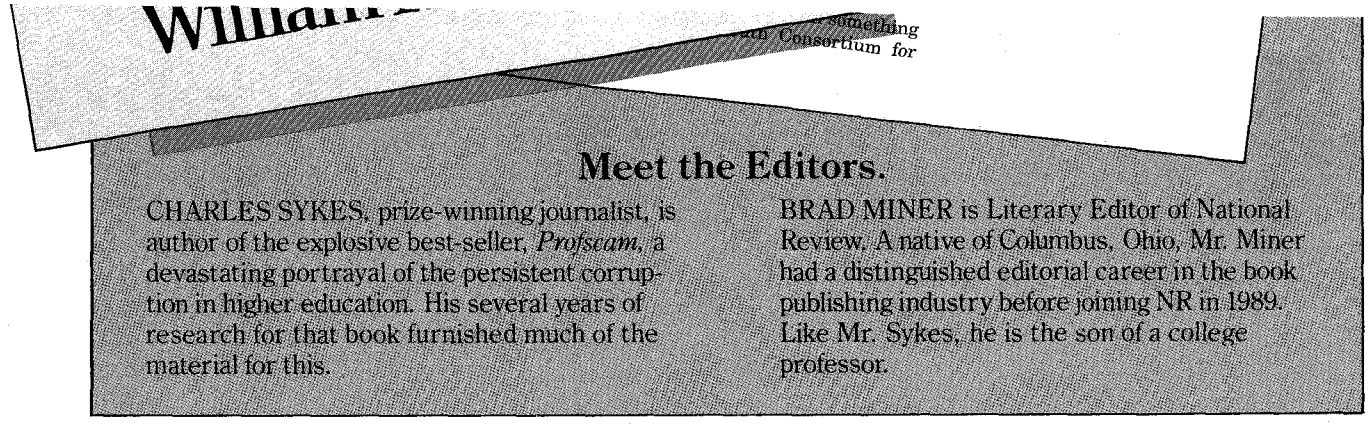
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BRAD MINER is Literary Editor of National Review. A native of Columbus, Ohio, Mr. Miner had a distinguished editorial career in the book publishing industry before joining NR in 1989. Like Mr. Sykes, he is the son of a college professor.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

MAY 13, 1991 VOL. XLIII, NO. 8

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The Audit Bureau

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LETTERS

Brains and Basketball Practice

Why is Daniel Seligman puzzled by the gap between rising American IQs and dropping achievement scores ["Is America Smart Enough?" April 15]? Every rational person agrees that even a tall, agile, and well-coordinated young man will not achieve much as a basketball player unless he is receptive to coaching and practices a lot. Why then is it a mystery that young people with respectable and rising IQs are not achieving when they fail to study hard?

Many law schools have had to institute writing courses (adorned with a fig leaf of a qualifier, such as "legal writing" or "torts writing") because we have been subjected to an influx of young people who lack a proper command of their native tongue, never mind lucidity. If that is the case in a professional graduate school teaching people how to become lawyers, whose basic tools are words, what do you suppose it's like elsewhere?

Neither high-school nor college students are being given adequate instruction and drill in the basics, and they do not bring to their studies the indispensable understanding that without work there is no learning, just as without practice there are no basketball victories. Add to that the bizarre notions of the teaching establishment, which so often substitute wishful thinking for reality, and the end result becomes entirely predictable.

Gideon Kanner
Professor of Law, Emeritus
Loyola Law School
Los Angeles, Calif.

Not So Left

Sol Sanders is normally a thorough journalist; however, his "Moon over Moscow" [April 15] is superficial and inaccurate. Sanders should have openly stated his underlying thesis, which seems to be that Gorbachev is insincere and that anyone inclined to take *perestroika* seriously has drifted leftward.

Rather than using this argument line, Sanders has reduced himself to making speculative and even specious statements in attempting to establish that Reverend Moon and several of the organizations which he founded have made a "dramatic ideological shift." Did Sanders even read Reverend Moon's "serenade" to Raisa Gorbachev, when, from a Moscow stage, he declared that systems built on atheism and materialism are destined to self-destruction? Concerning the *New York City Tribune*, Sanders suggests that the paper was closed because of its hard-line approach to Communism. Why would a newspaper be closed for such a preposterous reason? Wouldn't it have made more sense simply to fire the editor? In his discussion of Causa International and the American Leadership Conference, Sanders suggests that we have changed our views on Marxism. This is not at all the case. All attendees at American Leadership Conferences are exposed to a critical evaluation of Marxist philosophy. They learn why Reverend Moon believes that the values upon which America was founded, rather than Marxism, can serve as the basis of a just and prosperous society not only in the United States, but in any nation. We have covered these topics since our conferences began in 1986 and are not susceptible to revisionism.

With respect to *glasnost* and *perestroika*, Reverend Moon sees them not as a subterfuge but as an opportunity which must be seized in order to assure that with God's help, the twenty-first century will be characterized by theism and liberty rather than by nihilism and bondage.

Thomas J. Ward
Executive Director
American Leadership Conference
New York, N.Y.

I thank Mr. Ward for his left-handed compliment. And I plead guilty: my book, Living off the West: Gorbachev's Secret Agenda and Why It Will Fail, *does question the Soviet president's "sincerity." But concerns go far beyond whether Gorbachev is a dedicated reformer to what his strategy is and whether he has any hope of achieving it. The question may not be whether the Soviets are still committed to Marxism (and Gorbachev has repeatedly said he is). After all, Russian imperialism long predated Lenin.*

Some conservatives along with Reverend Moon are arguing that this is the propitious moment to make Soviet converts. My own view is that the risk of supporting a leadership still not dedicated to basic political reform and with no real economic program is dangerous. When South Korea sets up gigantic commercial relations with Moscow, does it not risk becoming the Soviets' catspaw in East Asia as that region moves into a period of great instability? —SWS

Grim Figures

Colonel Trevor N. Dupuy's article "How the War Was Won" [April 1] generated a good deal of discussion among my colleagues. The general consensus was that his table of casualty statistics was at variance with numbers generally accorded those conflicts. Especially the casualties of the Civil, Korean, and Vietnam Wars, and World War II. We would be interested in knowing the source of his numbers.

Richard E. Crane
Tampa, Fla.

My casualty statistics were taken directly from the more comprehensive figures in my book Attrition: Forecasting Battle Casualties and Equipment Losses in Modern War *(HERO Books, 1990). These are U.S. Army figures* only, *and do not include numbers for the U.S. Navy, Marine Corps, or Air Force. I am satisfied that my numbers are as accurate as possible. —TND*

Mexican History 101

As a longtime observer of Latin America, I was greatly heartened to read a piece on the pace of reforms enacted by Mexican President Carlos Salinas de Gortari ["The Week," April 15]. All Mexicans will certainly breathe easier since his decision to shut down a noxious and inefficient factory in the face of considerable institutional and political resistance. It is more evidence of Salinas's commitment to the transformation of his country and leadership in this hemisphere.

I could not help but note, however, a teensy-weensy error in what was otherwise joyous news. Apparently your eagle-eyed fact checkers did not see anything wrong with the reference to Mexico as "the land of the Incas." Now that President Bush's Enterprise for the Americas Initiative may be taking off, and all eyes are looking south for opportunities, let's straighten this out: The Mexicans descend from the Aztecs; the Peruvians and Bolivians descend from the Incas; and the Argentines descend from boats.

Martin M. Barillas
APO Miami, Fla.

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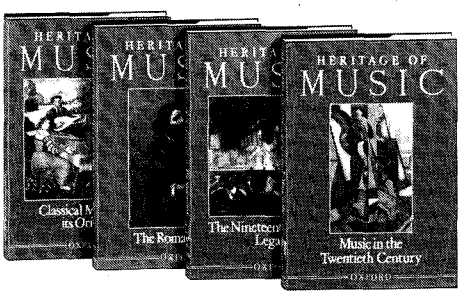

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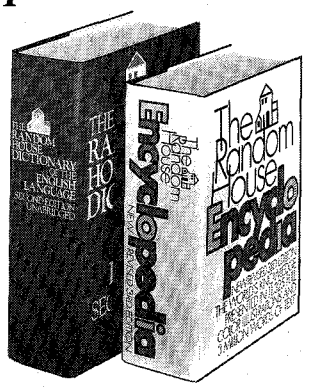

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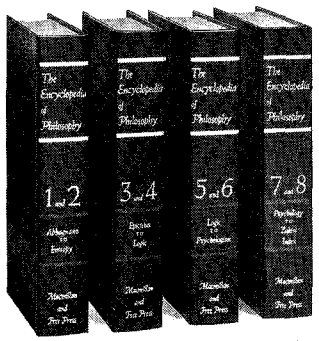

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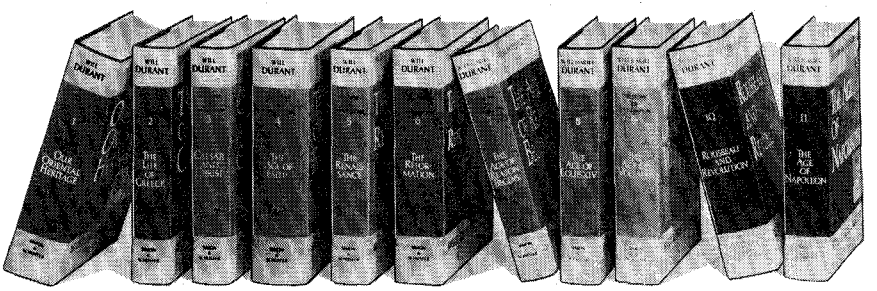

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FROM THE EDITOR

Guilty First, Trial Later

■ Hugh Sidey in *Time* magazine reports that five hundred of "the nation's top history professors" placed President Reagan 28th on a list of 37 Presidents, declaring him mediocre and "below average." He was outranked by Jimmy Carter and Jerry Ford, and "topped only Nixon among modern Presidents." Well, well.

But how might these historians themselves be ranked? I telephoned the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, Norman Stone, and read him the article. What did he think of the historians' verdict?

"I think President Reagan can afford to be fairly relaxed about it, " he replied. "Indeed, he would be justified in borrowing a line from Proust, who has the Baron de Charlus say somewhere: 'Five hundred little buggers among your friends, one on top of the other, would not even manage to spit as far as my august toes.' " (My translation.)

That just about wraps it up.

■ The good reason for newspapers not to publish the name of a young woman who accuses someone of rape is that there is no good reason to violate her privacy. But the argument advanced by feminists—that people have a low opinion of a rape victim—is implausible. Would anyone now dare to express or even hold such a primitive view?

But there is almost universal contempt for anyone who has *committed* rape. So that the case for not publishing the name of an accused rapist before trial is rather stronger. And to withhold the name of the accuser, identified as a "rape victim," while publishing the name of the accused inevitably suggests the latter's guilt.

Yet the journalistic propriety of publishing the accused's name is taken for granted. Why?

The reason may be the feminist claim that women never make false rape accusations. Or at least, as a recent analysis in the *New York Times* said of the Tawana Brawley case, "such instances are rare." But just how rare? A study of rape allegations carried out by the USAF Office of Special Investigations (and published in the June 1985 issue of the *Chicago Lawyer*) suggests that false allegations are a substantial minority of the total. Of 1,218 accusations in the study, 460 were classified as proven, 202 as false, and 546 as unresolved. The criterion for classifying a charge as false was strict: Did the complainant admit it was invented?

So one-sixth of rape charges are unfounded—with perhaps a third deserving the Scottish verdict of "not proven." Given these figures, perhaps the media should wait for a verdict before accusing anyone of anything.

■ Our competition inviting comments from Samuel Beckett, Maeterlinck, or Tagore on a hypothetical play by Tallulah Bankhead met with a disappointing response. There were, in fact, only two entries. Al Skrobisch piously maintained that Tagore's lines:

> *Death is not extinguishing the Light.*
> *It is putting out the Lamp*
> *Because the Dawn has come.*

are the equal of Miss Bankhead's immortal thrust: "There is less in this than meets the eye."

I say it proves her point.

Still, Mr. Skrobisch gets a consolation prize, which, as he requested, will go to charity.

The other entrant, who would, I suspect, have won in a much larger field, is Professor Daniel Bell, author of (among other works) *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*. He wins the usual bottle of champagne with:

> *Tagore: Her tongue is sharper than a serpent's tooth.*
> *Beckett: Bankhead? Bank foot? Bank?*
> *Maeterlinck: Bzzz off, Bankhead.*

Which more or less sums up the cultural contradictions of capitalism for this issue. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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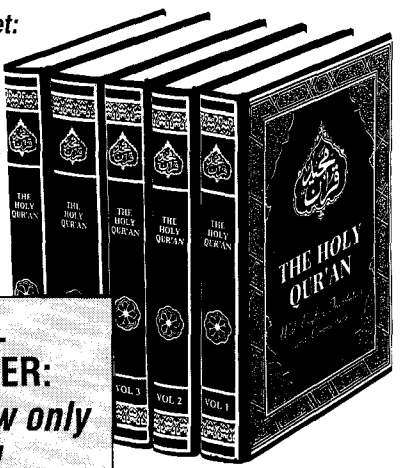

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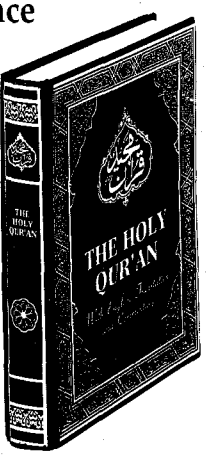

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ON THE RECORD

■ And they're off! First Republican to enter ring for **Alan Cranston**'s Senate seat in California is Rep. **Thomas Campbell**, a liberal on affirmative action and abortion. Conservative TV commentator **Bruce Herschensohn** is expected to enter race, as might Rep. **Bob Dornan**. . . . White House is putting heavy pressure on Gov. **Carroll Campbell** of South Carolina to run against Sen. **Fritz Hollings** next year. Hollings's vote against Gulf War was badly received in his home state, which hosts three major military installations: the Charleston naval base, Fort Jackson (an infantry training base), and Sumter Field. . . . In Connecticut, where the battle over Gov. **Lowell Weicker**'s proposed 6 per cent income tax is heating up, Weicker's personal popularity has plummeted from 57 excellent/good in January to 28 in late March. . . . In New Jersey, *Hackensack Record* poll finds $2-billion-in-new-taxes Gov. **Jim Florio** with diminishing popularity: 17 excellent/good and 48 poor. . . . Chalk up significant victory for GOP Gov. **William Weld** of Massachusetts, who persuaded Democratic legislature to repeal a new and unpopular 5 per cent state sales tax on a wide range of services. . . . Palm Beach scandal could put paid to political ambitions of yet another scion of Camelot, **Michael Kennedy**, younger brother of Rep. **Joseph Kennedy II** (D., Mass.). Michael was considering a race, also in Massachusetts, against gay activist Rep. **Gerry Studds**. . . . Four months into office, noisy far-left freshman Sen. **Paul Wellstone** (D., Minn.) carries a 35 per cent approval rating, 14 points behind other Minnesota senator, **Dave Durenberger** (R.), who was reprimanded by Senate ethics committee in January. . . . **Kevin Phillips** postulates that large-scale resignations by House Democrats who can retire in 1992 and pocket campaign kitties, plus new open seats from redistricting, could mean up to 75 vacant seats in next election.

■ *Washington Post* analysis of research findings suggests "many once-loyal Democratic voters in the white working class now see civil-rights legislation and leaders as advocating special preferences instead of equal opportunity." . . . **Thomas B. Edsall**, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, finds Democrats responsible for new polarization of voters based on race issues. Edsall says most Americans see link between race policies and higher taxes, social dysfunction, increasing crime rates, and welfare dependency. . . . U.S. now spends four times more on welfare than the entire budget under **Lyndon Johnson**. . . . According to *McAlvany Intelligence Advisor*, since World War II every new dollar in taxes has been matched by $1.52 in federal spending. . . . **Paul Taylor** reports in *Washington Post* that "in 1990, the family that earned $21,500—one-half of the median family income—paid 23 per cent of its income in federal, state, and Social Security taxes. In 1948, the family earning half the median income paid just 2 per cent of its income in those taxes." . . . The steady shrinking in union membership continues. In 1990 organized labor represented 16.1 per cent of the work force, down from 35 per cent in peak union year of 1954. There were only 45 major strikes in 1990, down from an average of 350 during the Sixties, heyday of **George Meany**.

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"We've spotted a Liberal Democrat; they're extremely rare."

■ When **Mikhail Gorbachev** banned demonstrations by supporters of **Boris Yeltsin**, strongest defense came from State Department spokesman **Margaret Tutwiler**: "It's no different than our own country," she said. If a group "wants to have a demonstration here in Washington, they have to apply for a permit." . . . Despite continued cold-shoulder response to Boris Yeltsin from **Bush** Administration, the Republic of Russia has purchased a building in Washington which it hopes will be an operable unofficial embassy as early as September. . . . **Evans & Novak** report KGB chief **Vladimir Kryuchkov** is reasserting Soviet authority in Eastern Europe, particularly Poland, where Soviets are using blackmail of former informants to gain control of military and intelligence. Moscow is also showing no real signs of withdrawing troops from region as promised. Recent withdrawal by Soviet troops grabbed headlines in West: total of *sixty* troops and a few tanks. . . . **Richard Nixon**, on return from Moscow, called Kryuchkov the Kremlin's "big thinker." . . . Flying ace **Matthias Rust**, known for unauthorized flight from West Germany to Moscow's Red Square, has been convicted of stabbing a nurse who rebuked his efforts for a kiss. Rust's defense: he was suffering from "narcissistic neuroses" from the drugs given to coax a confession in a Soviet jail.

■ Russian-language edition of *Reader's Digest* planned for August. **Constantin Galskoy**, formerly of Radio Free Europe, has been named editor. . . . *TV Guide* congratulates "PBS's *Firing Line*, which celebrates its 25th anniversary this month. **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**'s hardy debate-and-discussion series has now achieved the distinction of being the longest continually running show on national TV still presided over by its original host. The acerbic and erudite Buckley seems to be getting better with age."

■ Delegates to March convention of California Democratic Party were asked in questionnaire for Affirmative Action Committee to choose "Sexual Orientation." Two choices were given: "Gay" and "Lesbian."

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THE WEEK

■ After 12 bruising rounds with heavyweight champion Evander Holyfield, 42-year-old George Foreman was still standing, still chipper, and even more popular than he was before the fight. Maybe the Democrats have finally found a contender for '92.

■ Chief of Staff John Sununu is coming under fire for using military aircraft for personal trips. Seems to us they have the scandal backward. Our quarrel with Mr. Sununu has nothing to do with the cost of his Air Force–chauffeured trips; it's what he's cost the taxpayers by backing disastrous budget policy. Far cheaper to keep the jets and get rid of Darman.

■ President Bush might be giving away our military victory in Iraq, but Defense Secretary Dick Cheney has been pushing for unconditional surrender up on Capitol Hill. In the most dramatic retrenchment of U.S. forces ever, Cheney has proposed closing 43 more military bases and reducing another 28; similar proposals last year were defeated. On the Hill those with bases in their districts are crying foul, but of course the reason most have bases in their districts in the first place had more to do with politics than defense; Cheney says the savings involved would be $850 million by fiscal 1997 and $1.7 billion a year thereafter. Now think of what we could save if we could close down Congress.

■ There are two things to keep in mind about New York State politicians, Democratic or Republican. In front of the home folks they are all fiscal conservatives; once they get to Albany they become either big spenders or bigger spenders. So when a group of concerned citizens set up CHANGE-NY, a grassroots operation, in the shadow of the state capitol, grown men could be heard crying on both sides of the political aisle. CHANGE-NY has already demonstrated its non-partisan credentials: its first news release listed the legislators who opted *not* to participate in the pay cut which they recently imposed on state employees. It included Senate Majority Leader Ralph Marino, a Republican, who for public consumption is Governor Cuomo's most vocal critic. The lack of a legislative check on the governor has allowed payrolls and other spending to balloon even in these bad times. That's what CHANGE-NY hopes to change. Stick with it, gentlemen.

■ Case in point: In response to riots a few years back, Mario Cuomo established the Martin Luther King Jr. Institute for Nonviolence, to be funded entirely by tax money. According to a draft report by the state inspector general, quoted by the *New York Times*, the Institute's executive director "supplemented his own $65,000 annual salary by increasing his vacation time and then billing the state for unused portions." Oh yes, and board member Harry Belafonte allegedly helped some deserving kinfolk secure a no-bid contract to conduct a "feasibility study" on a never-to-be international human-rights conference—this for just $85,000, a fraction of the overall $4.3 million spent by the Institute. Mind you, there was no contradiction here: every dollar of that money was extracted from the taxpayers by nonviolent means.

■ Hold the champagne. True, the Dow broke 3000 on April 17. But on February 9, 1966, the Dow nearly broke 1000; it closed at 995.15. And inflation has driven prices up more than 320 per cent since then. So until we hit Dow 4200 (with no further inflation) we are, in real terms, worse off than we were a quarter-century ago. And when you consider that the capital-gains-tax rate was 25 per cent then and is 28 per cent now, and that dividends are hit by corporate as well as personal income taxes . . . Maybe we need that bubbly after all.

■ The Uruguay Round world talks still cling to life after collapsing in December. Fearing another setback, the normally unassertive General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) has publicly fingered the European Community as the major obstacle to continued progress in international trade liberalization. Not that EC tariff rates are that high: they

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average a mere 5.1 per cent, far less than one would expect of "Fortress Europe." But the Europeans have perfected the use of non-tariff barriers, including anti-dumping laws and "voluntary" import restraints, to shield their coal, steel, computer, and textiles manufacturers from foreign competition. Fully 60 per cent of the EC's industrial imports are from countries with which it has struck bilateral, and therefore discriminatory, trade deals. But the EC's industrial barriers look insubstantial alongside the protection afforded farmers: European taxpayers spend $125 billion each year—about half of total world spending on agricultural subsidies—to keep a few million mom-and-pop farms in business. A successful Uruguay Round endgame will require that all participants trade short-term political losses for long-term economic gains. As the world's largest exporter and the clear leader in preferential trade schemes—not to mention the region most intent on securing the benefits of unfettered free trade for its internal market—Europe logically must make the first move.

■ Mother Earth herself did a number on Earth Day, causing rain and icy wind to dampen the faith across much of the country. At one service in a Midwestern city park, the solar panels had to be taken down, speakers addressed empty seats, and sales of $2 tofu dogs, Ben & Jerry's ice cream, and organic popcorn were deeply depressed. Wonder whom they pray to for better weather?

■ The Dalai Lama met with George Bush privately in the White House, and with lawmakers in the Capitol rotunda. Such ceremonial occasions will not ease the lot of his countrymen, of course. That will come only when their jailers, the Chinese government, relax their grip generally. *Glasnost* came to Moscow when Gorbachev concluded that the Soviet system could not compete with the United States. China, which was never truly in the superpower club, is not susceptible to that particular stimulus. What might move its leaders is the discovery that they will no longer receive Western goodies, such as most-favored-nation trading status, simply because they are our counterweight to the Soviets. Since we don't need a counterweight to a collapsing empire, we are free to consider the internal behavior of the countries we befriend. Better late than never—as the Dalai Lama and Deng Xiaoping, accustomed to the long perspectives of the Orient, surely know.

■ For those who had thought that no amount of change in South Africa—unless it was brought about by violent revolution—could make a difference in world opinion, some pleasant surprises. The European Community has lifted a five-year-old ban on certain imports, paving the way for a nearly full normalization of trade (excepting only oil and arms) in the near future. Nigerian President Ibrahim Babangida has announced that he is prepared to press for the lifting of sanctions by black African states if the remaining apartheid laws are abrogated before June. And the International Olympic Committee—which had acquired the reputation of a bastion of double standards—thinks it will be able to permit South Africa to compete as early as 1992. The Bush Administration is expected to be next to re-evaluate South Africa's progress. Apart from the African National Congress, and certain members of the U.S. Congress, the only holdouts are those shareholder activists still doggedly urging Coca-Cola, General Motors, Texaco, et al. to get out of South Africa, as everyone else prepares to go back in.

■ *Defense Media Review*, a monthly newsletter edited by Boston University's H. Joachim Maître, collected a few false predictions from oft-quoted "defense reformers"—Gary Hart, James Fallows, etc.—during the Gulf War. One gem: a January 25 warning to General Schwarzkopf from the *Boston Globe*'s Fred Kaplan, relying on Pierre Sprey's critique of the M-1 tank: "You will creep very slowly with your tank force. You will not be able to make the wide, sweeping movements you need to win tank wars."

■ The fine scholar and literary critic Carol Iannone has been nominated by the President to a six-year term on the National Council of the Endowment for the Humanities. Under normal circumstances, her confirmation by the Senate would be automatic, but these are not normal times. Carol Iannone is a scholar who reads literature in traditional ways. Hence she is being strongly opposed by the Modern Language Association, now dominated by feminists, deconstructionists, and Marxoids. If Miss Iannone's nomination is blocked, watch for the NEH to go the way of the National Endowment for the Arts.

■ The *New York Times* started it all by covering Kitty Kelley's Nancy Reagan bio-agography with a page-one story by top political reporter Maureen Dowd. Then, several days later, it gave the proper journalistic resonance to the Kennedys' Palm Beach frolics by revealing the name of the alleged rape victim in a heavy breather ("She gave birth to a daughter by a local man she did not marry") that was straight out of the checkout line. Used to be the *Times* didn't notice your troubles until they were as big as the Liberian civil war. What's next—Nancy's trysts with Elvis? Just call it the Tab of Record.

■ Many look to the academy today only to find fault, but out at Peoria's Western University the Associated Press has turned up a refreshing example of scholarly dedication. George R. Harker, "a professor

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of the philosophy of leisure," is under attack because "he has failed to administer final exams, missed classes and faculty meetings, failed to post reasonable office hours, and exhibited 'unprofessional' behavior in class." Such is Professor Harker's devotion to his discipline that officials at Western can't pull him away from his research: the theory and practice of "nude sunbathing."

■ Convicted of murdering his own family, former Green Beret Jeffrey MacDonald (*Fatal Vision*) has now retained defense lawyer Alan Dershowitz. He may still be innocent, but he's obviously not worrying about appearances.

■ This year's Oscar for Best Foreign-Language Film went to *Journey of Hope*, a Swiss film about the sufferings of Kurds. In Switzerland, of course.

No Desert Quagmire

NOTHING can dim the glory, nor abolish the great strategic gains, of America's victory in Desert Storm. It established the U.S. as the pre-eminent power in the Middle East and, indeed, everywhere else; it restored a stable pro-Western order in the Gulf; it secured oil supplies and served permanent notice that they would be protected in future; and it laid down foundations of stability and confidence for a reviving world prosperity. President Bush deserves the gratitude of all Americans for the courageous and visionary leadership he then displayed.

His touch since the premature ceasefire, however, has been far less sure. And he tacitly admitted as much ten days ago when he abandoned his post-War policy of non-intervention in Iraq by announcing that U.S. troops would build and protect Kurdish refugee camps in the north of the country. He was responding to the anguish of the U.S. public at the prospect of thousands of anti-Saddam refugees perishing within sight of American help. But non-intervention was doomed anyway. Its *Realpolitik* logic had already suffered a comprehensive collapse.

When Distractions Fail

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  Gorby dangled Japan
  As they played kick-the-can
With his budget, his pals, and his poise.

W. H. VON DREELE

Intended to weaken Saddam, it had strengthened him. Intended to protect Turkey from Kurdish nationalism, it had driven thousands of Kurdish refugees into the country. Intended to reduce Iranian influence, it had driven Shiites throughout the Gulf into Teheran's embrace. Failure on this scale is awesome. But there is some consolation in the thought that success might have been worse. Iraq would then have been permanently burdened with a cruel and inefficient Baathist regime, ruling over the hostile majority of Iraqis and allied as a client to the Soviet Union. Whatever else such an outcome represented, it would hardly represent stability.

In addition to the Administration's apprentice Machiavellianism, however, two general calculations seem to have underpinned non-intervention. The first was that the American people wanted the boys home without delay and would tolerate no military involvement beyond Kuwait. But this is a superstition contradicted by innumerable polls showing high levels of support for continued U.S. involvement. According to the latest *Newsweek*, for instance, 57 per cent of Americans think U.S. troops were pulled out of the Gulf too soon and 51 per cent want to send them back into Iraq to dispatch Saddam Hussein once and for all.

The second calculation was that the U.S. must avoid the "quagmire" of a civil war in Iraq. Use of the word "quagmire"—one of the first symptoms of the Vietnam syndrome—has become an obstacle to rational thought on foreign policy. As Charles Krauthammer points out: "post-War Iraq was not remotely like Vietnam. Its army had been crushed and humiliated. It was being stretched to breaking point by a massive popular rebellion, a two-front Tet. The United States not only had total control of the air but, in contrast to Vietnam, had effectively destroyed enemy defenses, vastly reducing the risks of enemy air action."

In these circumstances, the U.S. could have established whatever government it wished in Baghdad either by using its own ground troops, or by assisting an allied Arab force from the air, or by giving arms and air cover to the two anti-Saddam rebellions. Indeed, *only* by such involvement could the U.S. achieve its aim of keeping post-War Iraq united and stable (at least temporarily). Instead, we have blundered from shortsighted non-intervention into a humanitarian policy of "safe havens."

The policy is necessary and right—but inadequate. If matters work out badly, it could divide Iraq and commit U.S. troops to protecting a Kurdish enclave more or less indefinitely. It guarantees a reviving Saddam Hussein the safe haven of central Iraq, where, as the Iraqi dissident Samir al-Khalil reports in the *Financial Times*, he is carrying out a horrifying mass slaughter that makes no distinction of sect. Above all, it offers no prospect of ending the Iraqi

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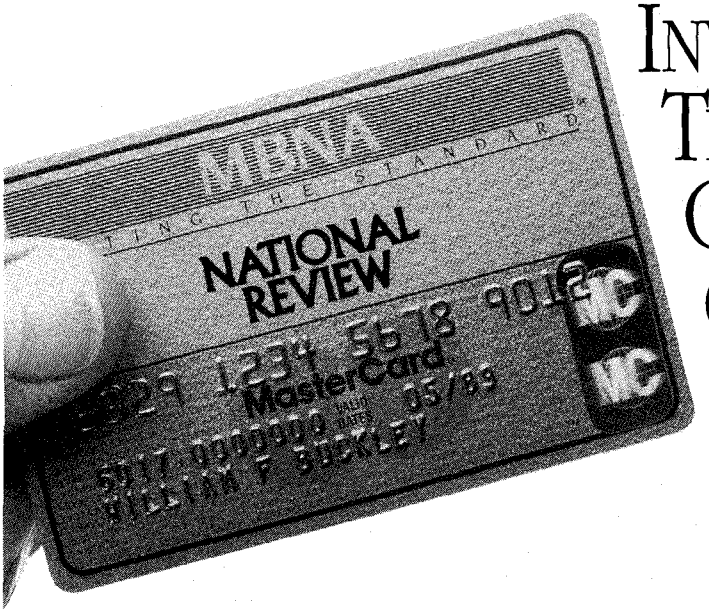

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Position _____ Years There _____

Annual Salary $ _____ Other Income* $ _____ Source _____

* (Alimony, child support, or separate maintenance income need not be revealed if you do not wish it considered as a basis of repayment.)

Mother's Maiden Name _____
(For use when you request special action taken on your account.)

Current Credit Card Accounts

My MasterCard®/VISA® Account # _____

My American Express® Account # _____

Previous Address (please complete if at current address less than 3 years)

_____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Previous Employer (if less than 3 years)

_____ Years There _____

I have read this entire application, agree to the terms, and certify the information is correct.

_____
Applicant's Signature Date (Seal)

If you wish an additional card issued to a co-applicant over 18 years of age, complete the information below.

Co-applicant Name _____

Relationship _____ SSN _____

Employer _____ Years There _____

Position _____ Annual Salary $_____

Other Income* $_____ Work Phone ( ) _____

* (Alimony, child support, or separate maintenance income need not be revealed if you do not wish it considered as a basis of repayment.)

I have read this entire application, agree to the terms, and understand that I will be jointly and severally liable for all charges on the account.

_____
Co-Applicant's Signature Date (Seal)

I (we) authorize MBNA® to investigate any facts, or obtain and exchange reports regarding this application or resulting account with credit reporting agencies and others. Upon request I (we) will be informed of each agency's name and address.

Annual Fees	$36 Gold; $20 Silver (Fee waived first year)
Annual Percentage Rate	18.9%
Grace Period For Repayment Of Balances For Purchases	At least 25 Days from statement closing date
Method Of Computing The Balance For Purchases	Average Daily Balance (including new purchases)
Transaction Fee For Cash Advances, And Fees For Paying Late or Exceeding The Credit Limit	Transaction Fee For Bank and ATM Cash Advances: 2% of each Cash Advance, $2 Minimum, $25 Maximun; Transaction Fee For Access Check Cash Advances: 1% of each Cash Advance; $2 Minimum, $10 Maximum. Late Payment Fee: $15, Over-the-Credit-Limit Fee: $15.

Certain restrictions apply to these and other benefits as described in the benefits brochure that will accompany your Premium Access Checks℠. MasterCard® is a federally registered service mark of MasterCard International, Inc. MBNA® is a federally registered service mark of Maryland Bank, NA, a subsidiary of MNC Financial, Inc.

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civil war in a way favorable to U.S. interests. In short, unwarranted fear of a "quagmire" has driven us into a small swamp.

The shortest route out of that swamp is via Baghdad. It is not too late to issue an ultimatum to Iraq that Saddam Hussein be deposed and a new regime instituted acceptable to the allies—or else. The ample strategic, moral, and legal justifications for such an ultimatum can be easily summarized: Genocidal policies that drive millions of people into neighboring states cannot be described as internal affairs. Should the ultimatum be defied—and the wily Saddam is already seeking to forestall it by opening negotiations on an "autonomous" Kurdish region—the U.S. should provide arms and air cover to what remains of the anti-Saddam forces. We can go on from there.

The full gains of a great victory are slipping from

RIGHT DATA

Wrong Data

THE USE—and abuse—of economic statistics to influence policy peaks during the spring, with the release of the House Ways and Means Committee's *Green Book*.

Among last year's 1,495 pages was a table showing the sources of income of the wealthiest American families:

AVERAGE INCOME OF THE TOP 1 PER CENT
(1990 Dollars)

	1977	1990	% Change, 1977–1990
Wages and Salaries	$95,553	$198,452	107.7
Business Income	46,697	60,601	29.8
Capital Gains	64,704	175,536	171.3
Interest & Dividends	69,769	102,901	47.5
Other Income	6,020	11,480	90.7
All Income	$282,743	$548,970	94.2

According to the table, the wealthiest 1 per cent of American families saw their average real income expand 94.2 per cent between 1977 and 1990, to $548,970. Capital gains appears to be the fastest growing source, up a whopping 171.3 per cent over a period when stock-market averages, as measured by the Standard & Poor's composite stock index, grew only 58 per cent in real terms.

How did the wealthy do it? It turns out they had some help from the Congressional Budget Office, which provides the data for the *Green Book*. By the CBO's reckoning, someone selling an asset for $150,000 in 1990 which he purchased for $100,000 in 1980 has a capital gain of $50,000, even though in real terms the asset is worth less than when originally purchased. By failing to adjust purchase prices for inflation, the CBO vastly overstates real-income growth of the top group.

Another, more subtle, statistical oversight enables the CBO to exaggerate the extent to which gains are concentrated in the upper-income brackets. In any given year many families find themselves in the top 1 per cent solely because of nonrecurring capital gains. But income swelled by once-in-a-lifetime events like the sale of a business or a home is obviously not an accurate reflection of a family's long-term economic circumstances. Had the CBO simply taken capital gains out of income when ranking families, the distribution of gains would have appeared far less concentrated among the "wealthy."

Because CBO data are used to "score" or estimate the cost of policy changes, statistical coverups can have wide-ranging effects. Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.) recently brought to our attention the case of a former chairman of the Education and Labor Committee who, in 1988, requested that the CBO study the impact of a 50 per cent increase in the minimum wage. The CBO's preliminary report indicated that such an increase would eliminate as many as half a million jobs. The chairman then requested that this finding be deleted from the final report; the CBO graciously obliged.

Sometimes the political spin is so obvious that it works against the perpetrators. Mr. Armey recalls that in 1989 Senator Packwood asked the Joint Committee on Taxation to estimate how much revenue could be raised by subjecting everyone earning more than $200,000 to a 100 per cent tax rate. The committee staff, apparently not believing that tax rates have any effect on human behavior, told the senator that this would generate $204 billion in 1990, and nearly $300 billion by 1993. Mr. Packwood then mockingly assured his colleagues on the Senate floor that American workers "will work forever and pay all of their money to the government . . ."

The outlook for statistical spin doctors remains bullish: one of the first moves House Democrats made this session was to reassert the CBO's responsibility for scoring spending programs, thereby reneging on an agreement made during last fall's budget summit.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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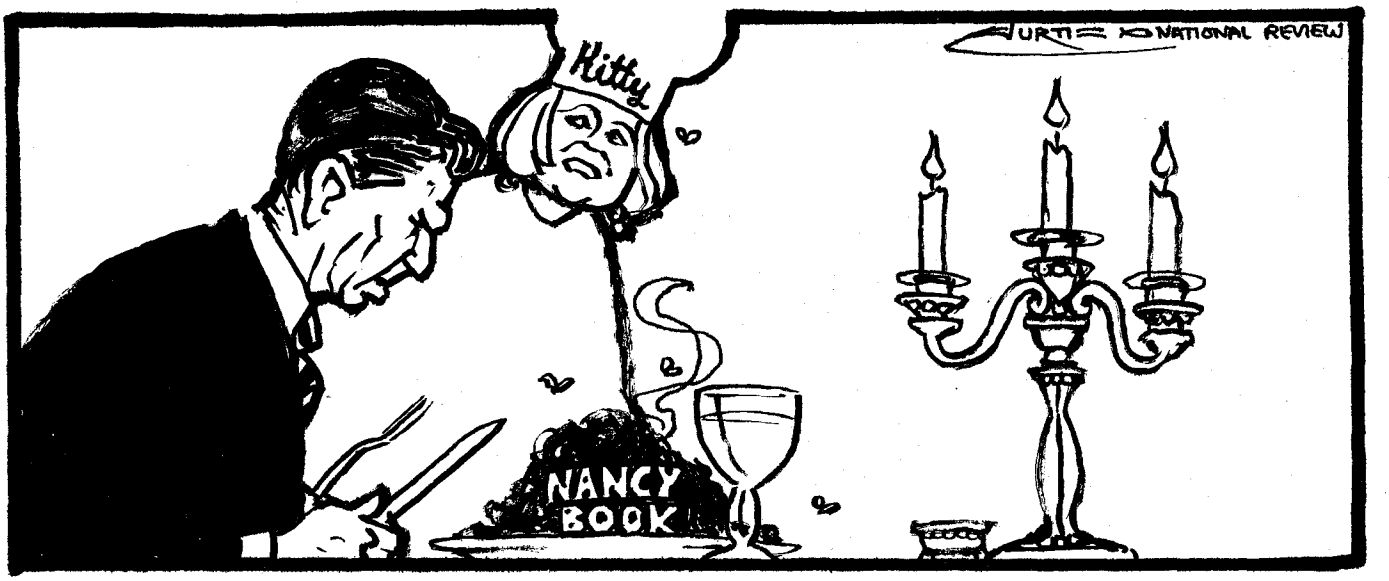

"I say it's spinach, and I say to hell with it!"

our grasp. The American people know this. Does President Bush?

Refried October Surprise

THE "October Surprise" is back—the October 1980 Surprise, that is. The phrase originally expressed Republican fears that the Carter Administration might move heaven and earth to spring American hostages from Iranian captivity in time for a pre-election boost. More recently, the "October Surprise" has been appropriated by conspiracy theorists of the Left to describe a *Republican* plot to *delay* any release until after a Reagan victory.

In an article occupying almost the full op-ed page of the *New York Times*, Gary Sick, a National Security Council staffer under Jimmy Carter, recently signed onto the Republican-plot theory, giving it a burst of publicity and credibility. The PBS series *Frontline* then added the taxpayer's two cents' worth. They allege that members of the Reagan campaign met with Iranians or their middlemen in Washington, Madrid, and Paris, to persuade Teheran to hold off until after the election, at which point Washington would agree to ship Iran badly needed military supplies. One of the Reaganites who went to Paris, according to Sick's and *Frontline*'s sources, was none other than George Bush.

Trouble is, some of the principals—Cyrus Hashemi, an Iranian arms dealer, and future CIA director William Casey—are dead. Other testimony is hearsay, some of it at a double remove. And Sick admitted on *Frontline* that most of his sources have axes to grind. "[The] people who claim to have direct knowledge . . . for the most part tend to be people who are money movers, arms dealers, low-level intelligence operatives, people who work undercover and who, for one reason or another, are now dissatisfied with their lot and are prepared to talk about some of what they knew, perhaps with considerable exaggeration." It is little more than common prudence, then, for Sick to declare that he is "agnostic" about George Bush's involvement. On the evidence so far, Mr. Bush may well have been in Peoria that day.

The prosecution will have to come up with something better before it rewrites the political history of the Eighties. But if the *Times* thinks stories of stolen elections are worth almost the whole of its op-ed page, we have a hot tip that the 1960 election would bear examination. And some of the rascals in that case went on to bigger crimes. . . . What, not interested? No surprise there, alas.

Educating Rita

HALFWAY into his term in office the Education President has finally put forward an education package. It has three major parts: establishing a national standards test in core subjects; federal seed money for a new alternative school in every congressional district; and more emphasis on choice.

Education Secretary Lamar Alexander says the initiative is designed to keep America globally competitive. Fair enough, but before we link trade deficits with our educational crisis we might want to start with some simple comparisons. The reason why Japanese kids do so well in school is no great secret: they go to schools that have discipline in the classroom, most students have intact family structures, and they spend three or four times as many hours on homework as their American counterparts. In the U.S. the critical educational factors have been undermined by an establishment that retains a tight grip on the nation's public schools.

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As long as this class wields such power, the President's program will be vulnerable to the sabotage of "more of the same." National standards for math and science are not such a bad idea, but when you get to other subjects—history, literature, social studies—the likelihood is that national standards will translate into the "curriculum of inclusion," i.e., no standards at all. Ditto for the new schools. If this same establishment gets its hands on the million-dollar seed money, all we will spawn is hundreds of new blackboard jungles.

The point is that we already *have* plenty of alternative schools that work, namely private and parochial schools. But parents are forced to pay for low-quality education even when there is someone in their own neighborhood doing a better job for less. The only way to effect an educational revolution is to wrest the power and money from the establishment and return it to the parents. We take Mr. Alexander at his word when he says he wants to shake up the schools. The test will be whether the choice provision in his education package turns out to be a sop to party activists or a guiding principle.

Whither the Homeless?

THE Census Bureau's "shelter night" count turned up 230,000 homeless, far fewer than the three million claimed by advocacy groups, and even below the 600,000 consensus of sober public-policy studies. Of course this apparent good news was bad news for the lobbyists, state and local officials, realtors, and contractors who stand to benefit from higher federal housing outlays—and for those "historians" who hold that Ronald Reagan made America homeless. The Census Bureau wisely appended a long list of disclaimers, including the ultimate impossibility of defining homelessness to everyone's satisfaction.

But perhaps the energy being poured into the politically charged numbers game will now be redirected toward finding alternatives to the failed liberal social policies that have put thousands of mentally ill people on the street. Or toward finding effective treatment for alcoholics, drug abusers, ex-convicts, and the handicapped, who, along with the mentally ill, account for more than three-quarters of the homeless. It might also be admitted that some younger people have opted for homelessness out of pure self-interest: Why should a feckless slum resident subject himself to earning a living, when the same or a better lifestyle is available at no charge? *This* homelessness is beyond the ken of housing policy. Additional attention and public acceptance may well increase the numbers of such people.

Only a small fraction of people living in shelters or on the street are there solely because of genuine economic conditions. They are the victims of building codes, zoning laws, rent regulations, tax policies, and other well-intentioned perversities which prevent the private sector from providing adequate low-cost housing. Government efforts on their behalf are stymied also: in rent-controlled New York and Boston, between 30 and 60 per cent of Section 8 housing vouchers are returned unspent to housing authorities because too few affordable apartments are available. In free-market Chicago, meanwhile, landlords solicit Section 8 recipients.

To the extent that homelessness is rooted in economic scarcity, there is reason to be optimistic. After all, during the Eighties America learned that the best way to remedy an energy shortage was to let the free market do its thing. The Nineties may yet see that lesson applied to housing. If the bureaucrats insist on retaining their regulations, we can only conclude that they are determined to prove the Census wrong by creating more homeless people.

The Spring Book

It's Tsongas, McGovern, and Wilder,
With Gore reading lines in the wings,
While Nunn remains mum as a Kennedy chum,
And Cuomo ducks arrows and slings.

W. H. VON DREELE

Wrong to Know

SHOULD NBC and the *New York Times* have published the name of the (alleged) Palm Beach rape victim? The press, of course, has a long-standing tradition of protecting rape victims, on the theory that their privacy should not be violated twice. At the heart of the practice is the old intuition that rape leaves an indelible stain on its innocent object that ought not to be magnified by publicity. Socially, though not morally, a woman could be "robbed" of her chastity. On the other side is "the public's right to know," the usual alias of the press's urge to print.

Does this justify revealing the woman's name, and other details of her life? In the Palm Beach case, her name itself is no big deal; it means nothing to most Americans and had become widely known in Palm Beach anyway. But NBC also showed her picture, thereby conferring on her a painful national visibility. The *Times* added a verbal portrait of her as a generally wild and reckless woman, citing not only her illegitimate child but frequent suspensions of

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her driver's license. Come now. Even many *Times* staffers found this outrageous, and the woman's stepfather, a tire magnate, intends to sue both NBC and the Paper of Record.

The anger is fully warranted; the lawsuit is another matter. Its motives are understandable and honorable, but the fact remains that to make a criminal accusation is to place your name in the public record. It can then hardly be legally off-limits to seedy journalism, even if the older convention of not publishing the woman's name ought to be maintained. What is permitted needn't be applauded.

Meanwhile, the rights of the accused seem to have got lost in all this. If he's presumed innocent, he deserves some privacy too. William Kennedy Smith has already been the target of ruinous public attention as the supposed perpetrator of a serious crime. He'd better be guilty, because if he's exonerated, full amends are by now impossible.

The Pope and the West

STUNNED by the collapse of the socialist idea, socialists in the West are eager to change the subject, to, well, something like "the sins of capitalism." That, in any case, is the approach taken in an article by John Wyles in the *Financial Times*, which predicts that Pope John Paul II's new encyclical (expected soon) will be "the most prominent advocacy of socialist democratic values this year." Mr. Wyles calls John Paul II "one of Europe's leading socialists," who nourishes "a quiet loathing for aspects of liberal capitalism."

So extreme is Wyles's portrait of Catholic social thought since Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum*—whose centenary will be the occasion of the new encyclical—that he ignores one gigantic fact. The Catholic Church has spent most of the last century fighting for its life *against* real existing socialism. And Leo XIII's 1891 analysis of socialism as "clearly futile" and "emphatically unjust" finds stunning confirmation in Eastern Europe today.

Now that socialism has visibly sagged, Pope John Paul II is indeed likely to turn his attention to the hedonistic stupor and intellectual slovenliness of so many in the bourgeois West. He is likely to be highly critical of European and North American culture. What conservative wouldn't be? And because popes usually employ a vocabulary in the French–Latin tradition—where, for example, "capital" does not mean "human capital" (invention, enterprise, innovation) but "material things"—Americans may find his language unfamiliar and disturbing. Some will exploit the abstract language of encyclicals to suggest that the pope is attacking the system of free-market capitalism itself.

But this pope tries to take a stand beyond all systems, criticizing the ways in which each falls short of the perfection demanded by a jealous, transcendent, and undeceivable Judge. Since all the world now sees that socialism is futile, Pope John Paul II need not attack the sins of socialism with the rhetorical vigor displayed by Leo XIII. The sins most visible to him now will be those of the one system still left standing, flourishing, trying constantly to reform itself; namely, that happy combination in the West of republican government, a dynamic enterprising economy, and religious-cultural liberty, to which Eastern Europe now aspires. He will attack the sins of capitalists, and leave it to the *Financial Times* to attack the sin of capitalism.

Here Kitty, Kitty

AT LEAST P. T. Barnum was not mean-spirited. True enough, at his "museum" in lower Manhattan the impresario exhibited a "mermaid" consisting of a monkey head attached to a stuffed fish; and Barnum's chess-playing robot actually had a midget chess expert secreted inside the "robot" moving its hands. As Barnum proclaimed, "There's a sucker born every minute."

Kitty Kelley is proving him right. Her *Nancy Reagan: The Unauthorized Biography* will probably make millions of dollars. Yet no serious reader could possibly rely on Miss Kelley's work. There are no footnotes in the ordinary sense that would allow the reader to go back and check sources. The author is thus free to say anything.

Miss Kelley's evidence for the "affair" with Frank Sinatra is sleazily attributed to an "anonymous White House staffer." Miss Kelley's allegation that Ronald Reagan raped a woman named Selene Walters in 1951 is derived solely from Miss Walters, who is trying to market her memoirs. (She has yet to find a publisher.) Miss Kelley's theme to the effect that Nancy Reagan wielded vast power contains little that we have not already read in books by Michael Deaver and Donald Regan.

Yet Eleanor Clift of *Newsweek* treated the book with apparent respect as a "steamy exposé," and the *New York Times* demeaned itself by running a respectful front-page news story on the book. There is some evidence, however, that a backlash might be setting in. A recent *Time*/CNN poll asked people what adjectives they would use to describe the book; 62 per cent said "trashy," 59 per cent said "disrespectful," 49 per cent said "vicious," and 17 per cent said "accurate."

What is curious here is that Miss Kelley's suckers are not the general public, but the professional cynics of the media. Very interesting.

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NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: Our readers
Re: Nika Hazelton

We announce with immense sadness the retirement of Nika Hazelton, whose "Delectations" has appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW for over 25 years. Mrs. Hazelton, whose freshness of spirit has enlivened a dozen books and a thousand columns about wine and cheese and Ravenna and (this, last time) Brazil, has been ordered by her doctor to cease any unnecessary activity. When we suggested that she tell the doctor that "Delectations" is a necessary activity, she smiled, but did so through her pain. She has been a friend to our readers through her column and through her sponsorship of crazy contests over the years, a friend to editors and staff of NATIONAL REVIEW young and old, who have feasted on her hospitality and on her shrewd and humorous generosity. She was the sponsor of our fifteenth-anniversary celebration at the Tavern on the Green, our companion and den mother on our twentieth-anniversary trip to the Soviet Union. The thought of doing without her work is made tolerable only by the prospect of the recovery of her health. Say a prayer for a lovely human being. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As an army officer, I received official word this week that the Ethics Reform Act of 1989 applies to us as well. This means, according to the memo, that we can receive no honorarium for any "speech, article, or appearance" even if off duty and unrelated to duty. But all is not lost. Works of fiction, poetry, and lyrics can still be sold, and we may be paid as musicians or actors.

To the extent that what we might say or do is entertaining, nonsensical, or unreal, there is money to be made. When we wish to speak rationally or coherently on issues of the day, there can be no gain. Is this yet another example of our legislative branch generalizing from its experience with its own members?

Pax,
John C. Deken
APO New York

Dear Major Deken: Very odd. We will look into the ruling. Meanwhile, hold your tongue. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Bill:

The encyclopedia says that the total weight of the earth's atmosphere is 4.5×10^{18} kg or five million billion tons. That figures out to be one million tons of air for every one of us earthlings. For that reason I firmly believe the note on my shaving-cream can saying that the propellant within will not damage the ozone layer. Now if someone could assure me that stamping my foot at dubious science will not jolt the earth out of orbit I might be able to relax.

John A. Kinney, noted environmental engineering consultant, remarks that savants deploring man-made CFCs in the ozone layer "give little attention to the continuously erupting volcano Mt. Erebus less than ten miles away from the McMurdo Sound observing station. It has been measured as discharging one thousand tons of chlorine a day. . . . The possibility that the chlorine reported is more from this source than from CFCs discharged half a globe away deserves consideration." I trust you agree with me that talk of this kind could do serious damage to the growing Doomsday Industry.

Sincerely yours,
Bob [Strother]
Cuernavaca, Mexico

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have been a fan of yours since the first episode of *Firing Line* and have continued so ever since that first stimulating evening. I also have recently come to enjoy NATIONAL REVIEW. I have one question as a new subscriber. Why do you demean *NR* with the racy classified ads run on a regular basis? I am sure that this is not the first time this issue has arisen, but I would appreciate a response. Perhaps the economic crunch has squeezed *NR* into this shabby solicitation of funds. And, yet, in adding up the revenue this endeavor generates, I cannot see the justification.

Sincerely,
Carol Emge
Lawton, Okla.

Dear Mrs. Emge: The classifieds are not unpoliced—you will never see the ads we don't publish, and shouldn't. But here and there we give leeway, trusting souls that we are. Yours cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Rumor has it that you've been swept up by the environmentalist movement and will be changing your name to William F. Buckwheat Jr. and starting an earth-loving magazine, *Natural Review*. Could this be the truth behind your recent relinquishing of duties at *NR*?

Hoping not,
Will Haynie
Charleston, S.C.

Dear Will: Of course. And, of course, you will drop the second syllable of your name? Cordially, Bill

—WFB

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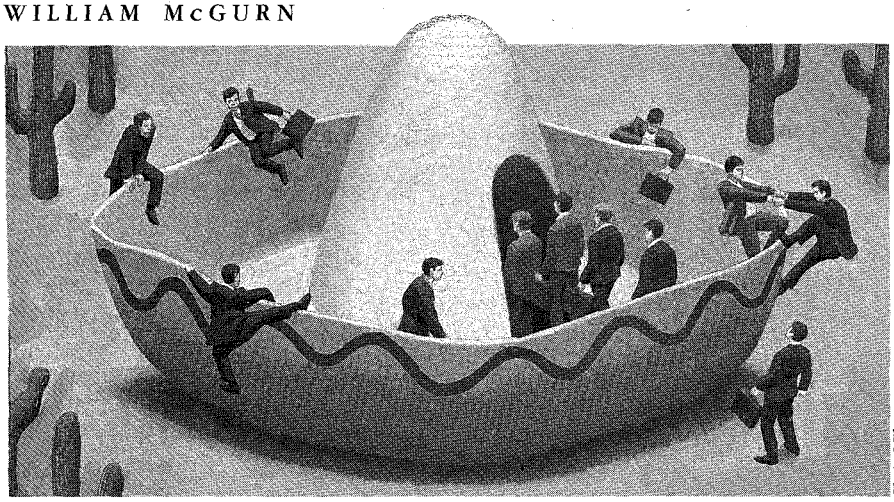
ON THE SCENE

Freeing Trade

WILLIAM McGURN


Chris Miles

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE SCENE was the Senate Finance Committee, which was opening hearings about the President's proposals for GATT and a Mexican Free Trade Agreement. Senator Lloyd Bentsen (D., Tex.), the silver-haired chairman, was emphasizing that what they were talking about was not an agreement at all but renewing the President's authority to continue the talks that might lead to one. Alluding to opposition from fellow Texan Kika de la Garza, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, Bentsen picked up a virgin white sheet of paper and addressed the audience. "It's a blank page," he said. "You mean we don't have the courage to negotiate?"

It was a neat performance, even if the blank-paper bit was cribbed from U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills, who had used it a week before during a speech in Chicago. For one of the ironies of the whole Mexican Free Trade Agreement debate is that there is as yet no agreement—and there won't be for at least a year or so. What's at stake is the President's "fast-track" authority: the power (which U.S. Presidents have had since the 1970s) to negotiate trade agreements and then submit them to Congress for an up-or-down vote as is, without any 11th-hour changes on behalf of this or that special interest. Senator Bentsen and House Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski (Ill.) both say fast-track is necessary if the U.S. is "to have any credibility in pursuing negotiations within either a multilateral or bilateral context."

The problem is that a powerful alliance of unions, textile manufacturers, and farmers wants to prevent the Administration from even talking with the Mexicans about an agreement that would, if achieved, create the largest free market in the world, with 360 million people and an annual output of $6 trillion. These special interests have raised a host of objections, mostly protectionist, and whether or not they are ultimately successful is in the hands of House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt (Mo.). The opportunity of fulfilling Ronald Reagan's dream of free trade from "the Yukon to the Yucatán" is thus matched by the potential for disaster: not only would revoking fast-track scuttle trade opportunities in Latin America, it would encourage the protectionist tendencies of the Western Europeans in GATT, undermine the courageous moves by President Carlos Salinas to sweep away Mexico's statist economy, and reignite charges of Yanqui hypocrisy throughout Latin America.

It doesn't help that the issue has thus far been framed by its opponents. "Most people think that when this goes through, the border comes down," says one Democratic staffer whose congressman favors an agreement. "And their response to that is, Good God, they only make a nickel an hour over there and all our plants are going to be put on trucks heading to Mexico."

The leading voice in the protectionist chorus is the AFL-CIO, which argues that it is only trying to protect American workers from "unfair competition." That's nonsense, of course, and in Senate testimony the State Department's Robert Zoellick met the protectionist arguments head-on: he recalled that in 1982 the AFL-CIO opposed the Caribbean Basin Initiative on much the same grounds—that it would erode the U.S. industrial base, cost jobs, raise the trade deficit, and so on. In fact, we went from a trade deficit to a trade surplus with the countries involved, added jobs, and boosted our industrial output.

Including Mexico in a North American Free Trade Agreement, Zoellick said, would boost exports to Mexico, create between 44,000 and 150,000 American jobs, improve conditions in Mexico to the point where people will be able to find jobs at home rather than swim across the Rio Grande, and, not least, put in place the machinery for a new world economic order based on bringing down trade barriers rather than building up new trading blocs. An FTA with Mexico could quickly expand to the rest of Latin America, parts of Asia, and perhaps even Europe; were President Bush to achieve such an agreement, it would make up for many of his economic sins. "The Administration clearly needs a growth agenda, and fast-track would certainly be a key ingredient," says the U.S. Chamber of Commerce's chief economist, Richard Rahn. "Without some pro-growth incentives like this, it's unlikely the economy will pick up."

Not that the economic arguments really mean anything in Congress. It's

Mr. McGurn is NR*'s Washington bureau chief.*

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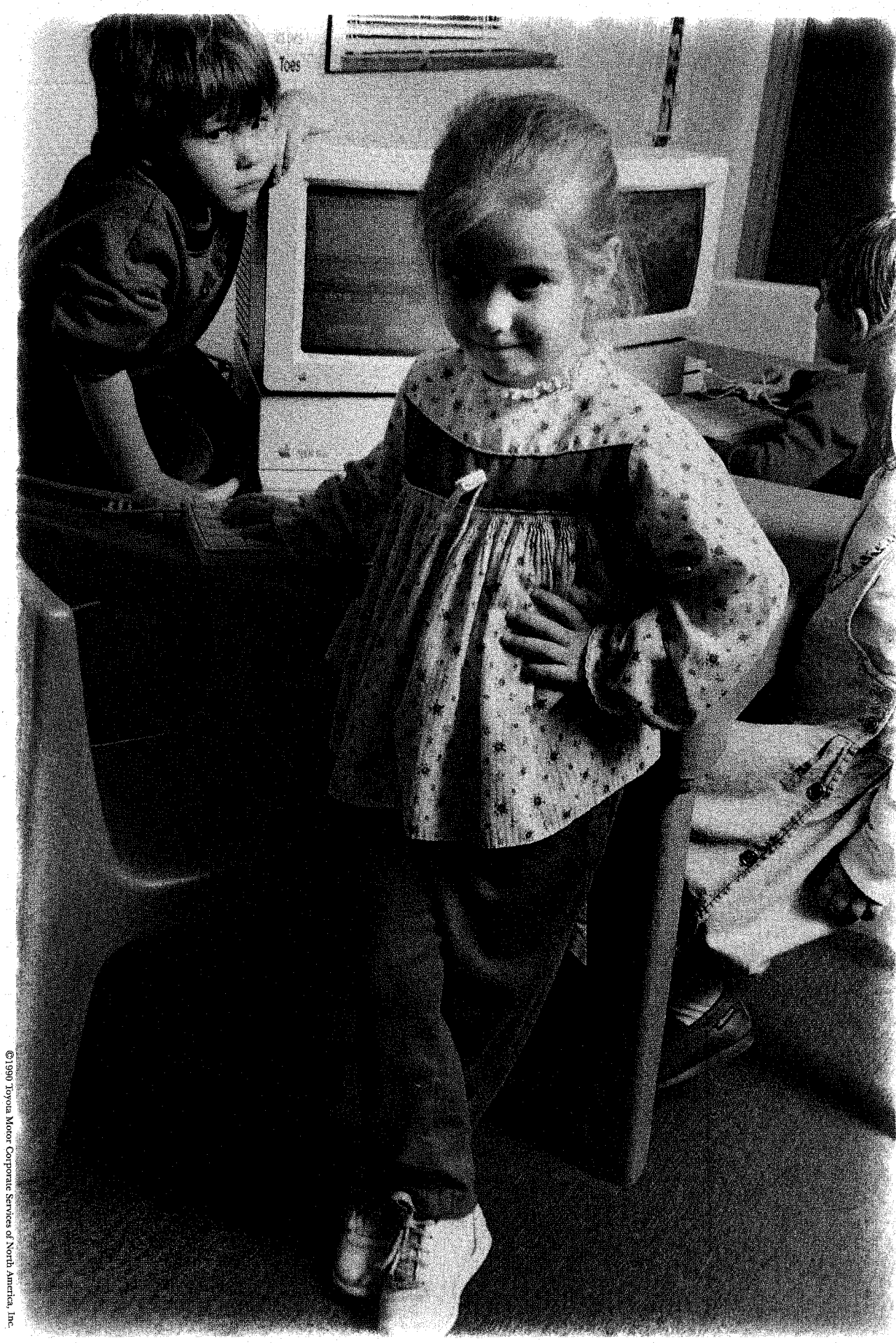

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"I'D BE AN expert ON THIS BY NOW if I didn't have to take SO MANY naps."

SARAH BAGWELL, AGE 4, *Cardome Center, Georgetown, Kentucky*

NO, SARAH'S NOT MASTERING a new video game. It's a computer.

What's a four year old doing in the same room as a computer, you ask?

"Why not? It's long overdue," replies Debbie Highsmith, director of the new early childhood development program at the Georgetown Cardome community center. "At first glance, we look like your everyday day care center. But what our kids do here between naps is quite remarkable."

Pre-schoolers here are taught a second language: Spanish. And when they're not playing

in the sandbox (still the most popular activity) they can be found in the computer room.

"By the time these children go to school they will be well prepared and ready to learn. They'll know their colors, numbers and the alphabet. It gives them a tremendous advantage," says Debbie.

Giving every youngster a running

start in life is the dream of Debbie Highsmith and her dedicated staff of 25.

And although it's still in its infancy, the program is already regarded by experts as a model for the nation.

Toyota is proud to have donated the $1.3 million

Georgetown needed to start this important community and childcare center.

Naturally, we're happy that the children of so many of our employees are benefitting from this superb day care.

But we are even more excited by the long-term value of Debbie's vision to the country as a whole.

How great will the impact of this project be? We're not sure.

Although we hope that some day Sarah and her trusty computer will be able to give us the answer.

TOYOTA

INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

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no surprise to see conservative Republican Duncan Hunter (Calif.) and liberal Democrat Pat Schroeder (Colo.) squaring off against each other, but in this case Mr. Hunter has gone protectionist and Mrs. Schroeder is on the side of the angels. The debate doesn't even follow ethnic lines: a pro-fast-track lobbyist describes the Hispanic participation in the discussion as "tentative, uncertain, and mixed"; indeed, California Representative Esteban Torres (D.) has lined up with the AFL-CIO, and a number of other leaders are sitting on the fence. To the extent that opinion breaks down along any lines, they're regional: those from the Northeast and Rust Belt opposing the agreement—a "Dear Colleague" letter from Representative Marcy Kaptur (D., Ohio) had signatures from Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan—and those from the Southwest and West in favor.

True enough, the regional breakdown means that more Democrats will be opposed, particularly given their dependence on union money. Nonetheless, fast-track is not going to get through without Democratic backing, and some of the big guns—Rostenkowski, Bentsen, Foley—have announced that they are well disposed toward an FTA with Mexico. So Bush is right to have said, as he did at a Houston breakfast with Hispanic businessmen, that this is a bipartisan issue.

What the reasonable Democrats want is some cover. Bentsen and Rostenkowski wrote a letter to the President on March 7 expressing their general support but asking for some White House assurances on environmental matters, workers' rights, and health and safety standards; the President promised to have something back to them by May 1. Unfortunately, they aren't the only ones writing letters. Three weeks later, Gephardt cranked out his own letter, ten pages long, also asking for relief, but with a much more overtly protectionist tone. (He is, after all, the man who based his 1988 presidential run on a platform of class warfare and Jap-bashing.) The question is how hard he's going to press the issue now.

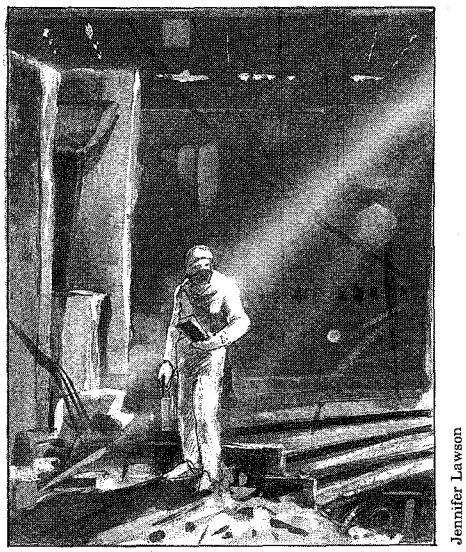
"The consensus up here is that if the vote were today, Gephardt would win and the President would lose," admits one free-trade partisan. Given that, as Majority Leader, Gephardt controls the scheduling, he wields substantial power over the outcome.

Gephardt, Inc., also benefits from the way the issue has been played in the press. Although an encouraging number of editorial pages have endorsed the concept of a Free Trade Agreement—including the *Washington Post*—the news pages have focused on jobs, child labor, the environment; even the pro-FTA players concede that the other side has worked harder thus far. But it's not too late. "If we make it a growth issue, and [Gephardt] comes on as anti-growth, then the issue defeats him. After all, there are any number of Democrats out there who are pro-growth," says Dick Gilder, president of a group of businessmen called the Political Club for Growth.

The key is that the debate helps rather than hinders chances for fast-track. As questions are raised about the effects of an FTA with Mexico, it becomes ever more clear that the economic objections stem from special interests, and that progress on the other fronts (Mexico's wage disparity, its pollution problems, child labor, etc.) depends first on a healthy dose of prosperity, which a free-trade arrangement with the United States would bring. "In a perverse way Gephardt may be doing Bush a favor," says one Hill Democrat. "By making the President explain the pact in reasonable terms, Gephardt's probably helping to bring a lot of undecided Democrats on board on the President's side." □

Chernobyl Five Years Later

LEONARD REIFFEL



Jennifer Lawson

CHERNOBYL

IN DESPERATE need of hard currency and seized by a new spirit of entrepreneurialism, Soviet citizens have been busy thinking up ideas on how to generate dollars. One widely reported idea, which sounds like a joke but apparently isn't, is to promote quick tourist trips to Chernobyl. Emphasis on the word "quick." No sense asking Western tourists to be brave for too long.

Moscow should be informed that there is a better way to earn foreign exchange. The Ukrainians who live near the edge of the Thirty-Kilometer Forbidden Zone that is centered on the carcass of Chernobyl Reactor Number Four have got it all figured out:

A few thousand feet from the Chernobyl facility there once was a lush forest. Now there is nothing but hundreds of acres of bare ground on which a few hardy weeds struggle to survive. The place is called the Red Forest, although not a tree remains. Five years ago, in April 1986, the most intensely radioactive smoke and vapor cloud in history drifted over and into that forest, roasting it to death not with heat but with awesome amounts of nuclear radiation. Remote-controlled bulldozers and hundreds of thousands of young soldiers labored during the weeks and months following the disaster to do the only thing that could be done: every tree and every twig lies buried beneath the desolate surface of that plot of tortured land.

What the Ukrainians want to do is put the whole area to use in a unique commercial enterprise: Tobacco for a new brand of cigarettes to be known as Chernobyls would be produced on a great plantation where the Red Forest once stood. Designed for smokers who wish to quit, every pack of Chernobyl cigarettes would carry a slightly modified version of the usual medical warning: "The Soviet Ministry of Health

Mr. Reiffel, an inventor and technology entrepreneur, managed the first U.S. industrial research reactor and was deputy director of NASA's Apollo project.

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warns you for the last time that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your health."

Sadly, the realities of Chernobyl—past, present, and future—cannot be laughed away. At the invitation of Ukraine and Byelorussia, I recently spent several weeks on an intensive trek through many affected parts of these two republics. I was allowed to go anywhere I wished. I carried my own radiation-measuring equipment, took my own soil and water samples, and photographed whatever I wanted. I had a trusted personal friend—the Ukrainian writer Vladimir Hizhniak, who lives in Kiev—checking the accuracy of translations during seemingly endless discussions and explorations. I had open access to every level ranging from deputy premiers, reactor directors, and heads of scientific academies to lonely little peasant women living in supposedly evacuated villages. I talked in their homes with current members of the crew of the Chernobyl Reactor Facility, and I visited privately with technicians disabled in the accident and its aftermath. I explored the control rooms and the generator halls of Reactor Three, still operating right next to the crumbling sarcophagus in which the body of Reactor Four lies waiting to make more trouble for the USSR and the world. Through a tunnel I walked up to the one door by which one can enter the interior of the huge concrete, steel, sand, and lead sarcophagus itself—a structure the Soviets call "Helen." They constantly worry about what is really happening "under Helen's cover." I looked at the reading on my Radiation Survey Meter. It was easy for my guides and me to agree—we did not go in.

FROM ALMOST the first moment of the Chernobyl accident, a cascade of lies began to pour from every level of Soviet officialdom. The horror was first denied, then made light of, then finally reported in some detail with accompanying reassurances that radiation doses absorbed by cleanup workers were being tightly controlled and evacuations were proceeding smoothly. These statements were lies.

Nevertheless, the Soviets did make absolutely heroic efforts to limit the consequences of the explosion. Given the same resources and limitations, it is doubtful that anyone else could have done more. It is even likely that, in some senses, no other country could have done as much, because of the monolithic rigidity of the Soviet system at the time.

Over 650,000 soldiers and an undetermined number of civilians were thrust into harm's way in the battle of Chernobyl. People labored in highly contaminated areas with woefully inadequate protective gear and radiation-measuring equipment. The vaunted Soviet Civil Defense preparedness was almost nowhere to be seen.

Safety required that no cleanup worker get more than a total of 25 units of radiation. "No matter how long you worked and no matter how often you were exposed," growled one Chernobyl veteran I visited, "the radiation levels they reported on you, if you could find out about them at all, were always 24.8 or 24.9. Nobody *ever* got too much radiation."

In fact, in the early days and weeks the official procedure was to interview the workers as to where they had been and how long they had been there, and then to guess at the radiation conditions. Sometimes after-the-fact blood tests were also used, but these were crude guides at best. Yet this kind of recordkeeping and blood data hardened into "facts" which were used by the bureaucracy to decide who was to be judged a "radiation invalid" and who was not.

I spoke to one poor fellow whose records showed he had got 195 units of radiation. Typically, an acute lethal dose of radiation for a human being is in the range of 600 to 700 units. At such doses, death comes quickly. At lower doses, people can survive, but a wide range of problems are likely to develop, especially cancer. Had this man's file shown 200 units, then, according to Soviet policy, he would have gotten a pension. As it is, he gets nothing.

THE WEATHER in late April 1986 was hot. An enormous smoky fire was consuming the heart of Reactor Four and its surroundings. People were working in close. Radioactive dust clouds, some consisting of microscopic spheres of pure reactor fuel and fission products, were swirling everywhere. The plant workers plus the hundreds of thousands of soldiers were supposed to wear paper breathing masks, but most did not understand the danger. In particular, many of the young soldiers, unschooled and probably feeling macho, ignored their masks entirely or threw them away after they got too dirty to breathe through comfortably. As a result, an unknown but large number of Soviets are now carrying hundreds of thousands of intensely radioactive "hot particles" stuck in their lungs and other tissues. Very little is known about the cancer-inducing ability of such highly concentrated internal sources of tissue bombardment. The symptoms will develop slowly over time. And the Soviet medical system is ill-equipped to deal with them.

More than eight hundred burial sites for debris were used. It is openly admitted that, in the frenzy of the moment, the sites were not properly prepared. These burial grounds are now continuously leaking radioactive contamination into the ground water. Privately, people who worked on the sites say even the *locations* of many of the holes are unknown, let alone their condition. Moscow, the only possible source of funds, is supposedly going to construct an enormously expensive "radioactivity recovery plant" at Chernobyl to clean up the mess. But, given current political tensions and economic conditions, timely completion of such a project is unlikely at best.

Looming over all of these problems is Helen. It is designed to last ten years, according to the current director of the Chernobyl facility. To the obvious query, "How does one know?" there is no answer. If the 15-story-high, block-long sarcophagus begins to go, the whole southern Dnieper region would be in danger.

One thought is to build a second, even larger sarcophagus around Helen. But this hypothetical undertaking is itself likely to speed the process of deterioration. And, even if started today, this project would be unlikely to be completed before Chernobyl makes some more terrible headlines. Meanwhile, Ukrainian and Byelorussian authorities grind their teeth in frustration while Moscow ignores them.

Most of the power from Chernobyl and its sister reactors does not even flow into the republics. It is shipped north to Russia. Not a ruble is paid to Ukraine or Byelorussia for the extraordinary risks they are taking as these poorly designed and poorly pro-

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tected RBMK-type reactors (used nowhere but in the Soviet Union) continue to operate.

In effect, the USSR has become a giant and unhappy laboratory experiment. Much could be learned about the biological, economic, and social consequences of nuclear energy gone bad if there were careful data collection, analysis, and open discussion. But precisely because the Chernobyl disaster is now unfolding slowly over years and decades instead of with high drama, it is far too easy to ignore. And this is precisely what some in Moscow want. Let time pass and do little. Just keep the reactors running. Let the people die quietly one by one.

Nuclear power can still be a boon to the world but not the way the arrogant Communist bureaucracy of the past forty years has implemented it. The world must invent new ways to learn from the events of April 26, 1986. But first we must help get all the RBMK reactors shut down. Do we really need a second Chernobyl to awaken us? □

From Boadicea to Mr. Major

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

LONDON

A CARTOON in the London *Daily Mail* showed a furious television viewer kicking his set through the front window as the announcer said, "And now, after months of non-stop analysis and debate about the war, our team of experts turn their attention to the possibility of a June election." Quite so. Just as we thought it was safe to go back into the water. . . . Since then, Iraq, in the form of the Kurds' plight, has reoccupied top place in the news bulletins, and the likelihood of a June election has receded. But the fact remains that a British general election must be held within not much more than a year from now.

Prime Minister John Major will want to avoid, if he can, the tactical risks of being pushed right up against the last possible date: and he would like to win an election soon, so that he can be a prime minister with his own mandate, not merely Margaret Thatcher's successor. He may still choose June; more probably he will choose the autumn. But, should the auguries look bad, there is still the option of spring '92.

The auguries at the moment are dubious. In the aftermath of the Gulf War opinion polls declared Major to be the most popular prime minister since polling began. They also gave the Conservative Party an 8.5-point lead over the Labor Party and a 32-point lead over the Liberal Democrats: but at the same time the Conservative lost to the Liberal Democrat in a special election in what should have been one of the safest Tory constituencies, Ribble Valley in Lancashire. Chief blame was laid on the dreaded poll tax.

Conservatives and Labor are now running virtually neck and neck in the opinion polls. Mr. Major's popularity, though still greater than that of Neil Kinnock, the Labor Party leader, is of a curious kind. He remains, even in Britain, a nebulous figure. In Moscow, which he visited recently, you can buy nests of dolls, one fitting inside another, painted to represent public persons. Mrs. Thatcher used to be a very big doll, just inside Mr. Gorbachev and President Bush. A Russian customer was quoted, the other day, as being puzzled by a little tiny figure, nestling inside Andreotti of Italy. "At first," he said, "I didn't know who it was, but then I realized it must be Mr. Major because it was so nondescript."

Like Bush, John Major was enormously helped by the war—by the staunch war policy which he inherited from Mrs. Thatcher. Public support for the war was even more solid in Britain than in America—opinion polls showed it running at over 80 per cent—and John Major's low-key dogged approach suited the public mood very well. So, at least, goes the conventional wisdom, though ordinary people might have been roused by Mrs. Thatcher's Boadicea act. The general view now is that the war was stopped too soon. Mr. Major got good marks for proposing "safe havens" for the Kurds, but it has been suggested —perhaps not altogether plausibly— that Mrs. Thatcher could have stiffened President Bush's sinews earlier.

Middle-of-the-roaders applaud Mr. Major precisely for not being Mrs. Thatcher. Even his leaden speeches, and the suburban demotic in which they are delivered, have been granted patronizing approval as fitting for an age in which elegance and precision of language would be considered elitist. When pressed to acquire a speechwriter, he is alleged to have replied, "Winston Churchill wrote his own speeches, so why shouldn't I?" That he may genuinely not know the answer is a depressing possibility.

Electoral success would silence all, or at least many, doubts. Meanwhile, right-wingers in the Conservative Party are becoming uneasy. Their reservations about Mr. Major's administration are dismissed by his defenders as being primarily snobbish. This is not wholly untrue, but snobbish is not quite the proper word. The aesthetic objection is on grounds not of class but of style: old-fashioned Conservatives do not find it easy to accept a Conservative prime minister who looks and sounds like John Major, though they realize well enough that elections are not won by appealing to old-fashioned Conservatives. But such qualms, however described, can hardly be avoided when, for the first time, Britain has both a new prime minister and a new archbishop of Canterbury neither of whom is, in a formal sense, educated or articulate.

The more serious cause for worry, although not unconnected, goes deeper. John Major has been praised by too many of the wrong people (liberals, wobblers, congenital anti-Thatcherites): and his closest colleagues include several of the wrong people—dripping Conservative "wets," who are perceptibly setting a new tone. The Conservative Party may be headed back, at least some way, toward the consensus politics and boasted "pragmatism" from which Mrs. Thatcher rescued it.

However, the election, whenever it comes, will almost certainly be decided, not by a backwash from the Gulf War (already a distinctly waning asset) nor really by impressions of Mr. Major's personality, but by the state of Britain's economy.

This year's budget, announced in March, was dismal, deliberately in-

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s longtime London correspondent.*

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creasing the cost of living as part of a fiscal shift entailed in dropping the poll tax. Abolishing the poll tax may have been politically unavoidable, but this very fact is worrying. The spectacular hatred which the poll tax aroused has nothing to do with fairness; the so-called "rates"—the property tax—which it replaced, were far less equitable. And the poll tax had actually begun to achieve one of its purposes, revealing very sharply the difference between the most economically efficient Conservative-controlled municipal authorities and their chronically wasteful Labor-controlled rivals. The necessity of ditching it now is a response to agitation and prejudice.

Under the old rating system only householders paid any local taxes. This meant that a majority of the electorate, especially in Labor-controlled inner-city districts, could vote for more and more expenditure, secure in the knowledge that they would not be footing the bill. In Liverpool, for example, fewer than 20 per cent of the voters were ratepayers. Demanding a contribution from those who had formerly paid nothing was bound to provoke wrath. And the demands were higher than expected because local government had slipped out of control.

The poll tax appeared to challenge a cardinal tenet of modern democratic politics: that electors should be invited to vote themselves money from other people's pockets. Truthfully, it didn't. Since a great part of local expenditure is still funded by the central government out of general taxation, the relatively rich are still mulcted far more than the relatively poor: but, because the attempt to make everyone contribute something involved a flat-rate charge, redistributive assumptions were outraged. The dweller in a large house *ought*, people felt, to pay more than the dweller in a small house. This principle is called "ability to pay," although in reality the widow trying to maintain a large house where she has lived all her life may be much less able to pay than a family of four earners living in a small one. Reforming the poll tax, therefore, is a matter, not of fairness, but of the vulgar perception of fairness: and educating the public out of such facile assumptions was, or should have been, a major goal of Thatcherism.

Old 1970s attitudes are slithering back into center stage. The London *Times* ran two consecutive editorials, one suggesting, with extraordinary callousness, that, "if the widow and the orphan choose unnecessarily large houses, they deserve to be penalized"; the other saying that "the bourgeoisie," having done well out of the Thatcher years, shouldn't complain if the tide now turns against them.

Trade-union militancy is stirring again, provoked by inflation. Inflation, interest rates, and unemployment will be more electorally important than the poll tax, and on all these subjects the Conservative administration which Mr. Major inherited from Mrs. Thatcher is by no means guiltless, and knows it. Inflation was let loose again: the seemingly exorbitant interest rates which ensued have been kept

Tim Bower

high for too long because of the decision, which Mrs. Thatcher opposed but Mr. Major espoused, to join the European Monetary System. Far too much of the nation's income is still absorbed by public spending, and yet Mrs. Thatcher's administration was vilified for allegedly ruthless cuts in welfare and other subsidized budgets.

"The petty done, the undone vast" must be the moral for Thatcherites: but they fear that, for the new administration, the message may be: "Spend more and at least get the credit." That ominous phrase "a social market" (where, as usual, the word "social" blurs, and is meant to blur, the word which follows—as in "social costs," "social justice," "social conscience") has emerged again. In a vague sort of way Mr. Major and his colleagues probably share most of the Thatcherite economic goals: but, lacking Mrs. Thatcher's zeal, they have a different order of priorities and the goals are liable to recede indefinitely. Certainly their published utterances do not suggest that they will ever take a radical grasp on the problem of the welfare state. And with regard to Europe, a difference of priorities becomes a difference of goal.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, whose passionately pro-European resignation speech in the House of Commons last November plunged the first dagger into Mrs. Thatcher's back, now says that Conservative policy should be remodeled so that, by winning the election, the party can preserve the great achievements of Mrs. Thatcher's reign. Mark Antony would have made short work of that argument if Brutus had tried it. But Sir Geoffrey is, of course, right that winning the election is the necessary first aim for any Conservative. And elections are decided by floating voters, the most fickle (it's tempting to say the most irresponsible) part of the electorate. They were exhausted and irritated by Mrs. Thatcher: but, if John Major makes too fuzzy an impression, and the Labor Party no longer frightens them, they may succumb to the old insidious whisper, "Let's give the other lot a chance."

The Labor Party ought to frighten them. Its latest policy documents confirm that a Labor administration would be as devoted as ever to the politics of envy, penal taxation, illusion, and bureaucracy. A few despairing Conservatives are inclined to believe that nothing except the painful experience of another socialist government will get the collectivist bug out of the British bloodstream: but most are as keen as Mr. Major himself on winning the election and resent the idea that their worries amount to disloyalty.

The auguries are not as Ribble Valley might have suggested. The exit polls, which very accurately forecast the result, posed another question and elicited an intriguing answer. A majority of those who said they had voted for the Liberal Democrat also said that, in a general election, they would probably vote Conservative. On the other hand, only the most frivolous and feeble Conservative could be happy with the present situation. The flowers are coming out in the London parks and the trees wear a light veil of green, but there is not much feeling of political or economic spring in the air. □

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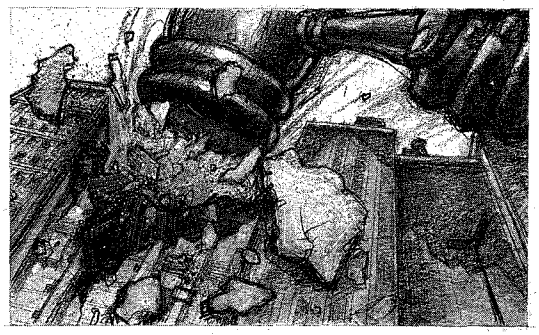
Federal Judges, Urban Blight

THE SIEGE OF YONKERS



What do you do when a federal judge stands before your gates, demanding that you remake your city to suit his utopian dreams? Yonkers might say to other cities across the country: Don't laugh—you're next.

LORRIN ANDERSON

Our Story So Far

Medium-sized Eastern city, mired in racial sin, rescued by the redemptive power of the federal courts. Or so we think. But Yonkers resists. And resists. And resists. Yielding under pressure, then reneging, giving ground, coming back to fight again, getting a painful education, along the way, in the peculiar workings of the legal system. It has been ten years since the filing of the lawsuit charging Yonkers with intentional discrimination in housing and schools, five years since the judge found it guilty and imposed his scatter-site sentence. Still, not one of the prescribed low-income projects has appeared in the city's middle-class neighborhoods. They may be about to: ground was finally broken at one of the sites in mid April. But that could be less than the victory some housing proponents are claiming. It's high noon now: the last legal shootout has begun, and a long-shot possibility remains that Yonkers might still be able to head off what many of its citizens see as the blueprint for yet another urban disaster.

The Cast

Federal Judge Leonard B. Sand, social engineer *par excellence*, dreamer of utopian dreams at other people's expense, understandably a tad frustrated, but determined as ever to impose his version of communal morality on the recalcitrant bourgeoisie.

Oscar Newman, theorist and expediter of race-conscious housing reform, appointed by Judge Sand to guide Yonkers through its travail to the promised land of class-integrated harmony.

Michael Sussman, former hotspur in the U.S. Civil Rights Division and, since 1982, legal counsel and general gadfly for the Yonkers NAACP, which joined the action against the city soon after the Justice Department filed the original lawsuit in the waning days of the Carter Administration. (The Reagan Administration's later embrace of the suit is a long, richly paradoxical story.)

The Mayor of Yonkers, Henry Spallone (Republican), consistent and highly vocal opponent of Judge Sand's remedial prescriptions but now suspected, by some of his erstwhile allies, of diminished zeal if not a *sub rosa* sellout—of wanting to see Yonkers accommodate the court enough to get Judge Sand off its back.

Jack O'Toole (Democrat) and *Bernadette McLaughlin* (Republican), spearheads of the opposition to Judge Sand, leaders of the Save Yonkers Federation, a coalition of neighborhood organizations intermittently allied with Spallone but now rife with the aforementioned suspicion that the mayor has caved in to the forces of compliance, which remain strong in the city's political and commercial establishment. Henry Spallone is not fond of Jack O'Toole.

Raymond Fitzpatrick, architect of a famous Supreme Court victory allowing white firemen to challenge racial quotas in Birmingham, Alabama, now signed on by Yonkers—under civic pressure orchestrated by O'Toole and Mrs. McLaughlin—as legal general in its war against Judge Sand.

Supporting Players

Former mayors unhorsed by the housing imbroglio.

Assorted councilmen and deposed councilmen—pro-compliance, anti-compliance, or, in most cases, both at different times.

Black voices, some strongly in favor of the housing edict, others ambivalent, a few opposed.

Mario Cuomo.

John Cardinal O'Connor.

The Supreme Court.

The progressive press.

Al Sharpton.

Mr. Anderson is a former producer and editor for WNBC-TV News in New York. He moved to Yonkers two years ago.

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Chorus
Citizens of Yonkers (fortissimo).

Backs against the Wall

THE SLIM possibility that Yonkers's resistance might ultimately succeed glimmered a little more brightly, late in December, with the City Council's designation of Ray Fitzpatrick as chief counsel for the housing battle. Fitzpatrick replaces Thomas DeRosa, the latest in a string of lawyers who eventually came to be seen by Save Yonkers as inept at best or, in a darker view, secret saboteurs.

Fitzpatrick mobilized in January, but there wasn't much time to block the first housing contract, and it was signed in the middle of the month. An offensive on several fronts is now before the courts, however, attacking not only the legally dubious maneuvers and irregularities that have marked the case, but Judge Sand himself.

Sand has made no attempt to hide his personal views, making them known in press interviews and other public statements over the years. (In 1988, after the Yonkers City Council agreed, under fierce court pressure, to accept the housing plan, the judge commended the plaintiffs—the NAACP and the Justice Department—for "a long and hard effort, but a productive one.") Fitzpatrick has now moved to have Sand taken off the case, charging that he has travestied all appearance of impartiality and, specifically, that he violated judicial ethics by holding improper *ex parte* discussions with the plaintiffs and other involved parties in the absence of city attorneys—both on his own and through his intermediary, the housing consultant Oscar Newman.

At the heart of the case, Fitzpatrick is attacking the 1988 consent decree in which the City Council finally voted to accept the housing plan, on the grounds that the councilmen were acting under duress, and that like any other contract signed under duress the whole agreement is tainted. Other lawsuits have been filed by Save Yonkers and private citizens, charging violation of HUD regulations, federal environmental laws, and the legal rules covering site acquisition, building codes, and zoning changes.

The latest challenges now have to wind their way through the system, starting with Sand himself—no chance there, of course—and then the 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals, which in the past has been unreceptive to the city's arguments. Probably the only prospect of success lies with the Supreme Court—if it agrees to look at the case one more time.

Setting the Scene

YONKERS lies directly north of New York City, in Westchester County. Its population of 188,000 is down about 3 per cent from 1980, but it's still the fourth largest city in the state, partly a bedroom suburb but at the same time an urban center in its own right. It's a blue-collar town, in many ways, but with its moneyed neighborhoods too, and a rich ethnic mix: Italians, Irish, Jews, Arabs, Scots, Sassenachs, Slavs, Orientals, blacks, and, increasingly, Hispanics, who now make up almost 17 per cent of the population. (The city's Democratic leader, Ralph Arred, is Cuban.) About 14 per cent of the city's people are black.

Yonkers is bisected by the Saw Mill River Parkway, a four-lane thoroughfare that wasn't such a symbolic demarcation line until the court case made everybody think in terms of East and West. Both the West, along the Hudson River, and the then-less-developed East were almost all white before World War II, but since the 1960s the old downtown and surrounding areas in the Southwest have gradually become heavily black and Hispanic, some of the other sections on the West Side more or less integrated. The neighborhoods of East Yonkers, which range from lower-middle-class to very affluent, have remained largely white.

Judge Sand's 1985 ruling broke legal ground by linking "segregation" in housing and schools: Yonkers, he said, had officially and deliberately fostered racial separation by siting almost all its public housing in the Southwest, thereby producing not only a residential ghetto but segregated schools as well. The semi-autonomous Yonkers Board of Education accepted an extensive (and costly) school-integration plan with hardly a whimper. Housing was something else again. Sand decreed his "remedy" in 1986, but it wasn't until January of 1988 that the City Council finally capitulated. Then, in the face of popular revolt, a couple of councilmen reversed field. A 4 to 3 Council majority defied the judge: Yonkers would *not* acquiesce. It was not until Sand imposed crushing contempt fines, on the city and on the councilmen personally, that Yonkers gave in, in the summer of 1988. Subsequent appeals by the city and private suits by homeowners have so far resulted in only one minor victory: a Supreme Court decision that voided personal fines against the offending councilmen.

The plan Judge Sand finally imposed is ambitious, involving two phases. The first provides for two hundred low-income apartments, to be paid for by the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development, on seven scattered sites in East Yonkers. Construction was supposed to begin in 1987, but problems with sites and financing—and foot-dragging by the city—held it up again and again until the contract for the first 142 units was finally signed this January. For reasons that have not been publicly explained, the developer—a Pennsylvania-based outfit called DeLuxe Homes—has backed out of a commitment to build the other 58 units, and finding another company willing to take on the job is likely to be a long process.

With a nod to the reality of public-housing disasters in the recent American past, the plan for the first two hundred units calls not for high-rises but for three-story townhouses, with a minimum of public space for the convenience of drug merchants and other criminals. Bernadette McLaughlin of Save Yonkers is, to understate her views, unconvinced. Like many people in

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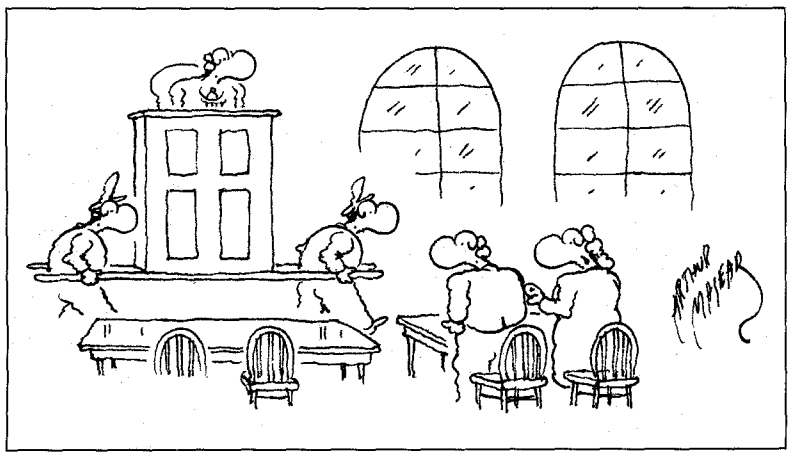
Yonkers, she grew up in the Bronx, and she has vivid memories of what happened when the projects moved into her old neighborhood. The townhouses? "Crack heavens," she predicts.

The second phase of the judge's plan, still in limbo, envisions eight hundred additional units of subsidized low-to-moderate-income housing in East and mostly white Northwest Yonkers, in buildings that would also include free-market apartments—a total of four thousand government-assisted and market-rate units in addition to the first two hundred units of public housing. The city has been ordered to provide tax breaks and other incentives (which of course would shift a tax burden to private homeowners), but no developers have climbed aboard for the second phase, partly because of the legal uncertainties and partly because a lot of them think the whole concept is unrealistic—not many people able to pay the going rate would want to share buildings with assisted-housing tenants. The problem is compounded by the sagging real-estate market in the New York area and especially in Yonkers, where the prospect of scatter-site housing projects has made it all but impossible for some people to sell their houses, unless, as they say, "you want to give them away."



"I think the appointment to the bench has gone to his head."

The school situation—especially busing—is hardly an inducement for young families to buy homes in Yonkers. Judge Sand's desegregation edict requires the closing of six schools, some of them still serviceable, and the construction of two new ones, at a cost to the city of $30 million. The plan puts heavy emphasis on "magnet" schools and involves the busing—some voluntary, some not—of more than half the district's 18,000 students. The Board of Ed and Superintendent Donald Batista are trying with some success to make the whole thing work, enlisting enthusiastic cooperation from the local press in painting a somewhat rosier picture than the facts warrant. It's possible to report enrollment and racial-ratio statistics in various ways, and critics suspect that school administrators are doctoring the numbers. But even the official figures show a big drop in the proportion of whites, from 53 per cent in 1985 to 40.6 per cent this year. (The 59.4 per cent "minority" total comprises only blacks and Hispanics; by Judge Sand's decree, everybody else—East Asians, American Indians, Indian Indians, any stray Aleuts or Pacific Islanders—are included in the "white" number.) In short, it looks like the same pattern that has become so familiar in other cities, like Boston, where, after all the agonies of "desegregation" under Federal Judge Arthur Garrity, racial rejuggling has become pointless because the public schools are now 80 per cent "minority": the system runs short of white balancing fodder.

Race or Class?

IN HIS pioneering decision of 1985, Judge Sand documents ad infinitum what nobody really disputes: that Yonkers officials, from the 1950s on, repeatedly retreated from plans to build public housing in middle-class areas. Sand's reasoning went something like this: 1) the tenants were likely to be predominantly black, and 2) neighborhood residents loudly and vehemently opposed the projects, so 3) race was a significant factor in the official rejection. He threw in all the supporting testimony he could find, but whatever prejudices Yonkers may or may not secretly harbor, one thing that has been notably absent is overt racism. About the strongest example the judge could find was a 1958 statement from a citizens' group that expressed concern about school costs and about "having to absorb the overflow from Puerto Rico or Harlem."

Judge Sand grudgingly conceded the city's point that nobody has a "right" to public housing. But then he went on to find a constitutional violation of the Fourteenth Amendment's equal-protection clause, on the grounds that as long as the government was in the subsidized-housing business at all, it had to proceed in a race-neutral manner. Well, fair enough. But conspicuously absent from his ruling is any real acknowledgment that the reason people don't want to live next door to the underclass might not be vulgar skin-color prejudice but well-founded class perceptions, an all too realistic fear of the crime, the drugs, the noise, the graffiti, the welfare dependency—all the social disintegration that might well seem just as threatening in an identifiable underclass that was mostly white. In effect, he decided that *class* was beside the point—perhaps a more glaring distortion of reality than any claim that race is completely irrelevant.

In convicting Yonkers of deliberate racial discrimination Judge Sand ignored one curious fact: at the time most of the housing projects were built in West Yonkers, in the three decades following World War II, *the area was mostly white—and so were most of the tenants in the projects*. And there are reasons for "tipping" to an almost all-black tenancy that have nothing to do with official siting discrimination: some of the whites in the projects may have left because of racial prejudice, but it seems likely that many more fled because of the simple realities of life in buildings increasingly populated by a destructive and demoralized underclass. It was not only working-class whites who left, after all,

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but also working-class blacks, for many of the same reasons—because they could afford something better, away from the residential turmoil, or because their rising incomes, in the postwar boom, made them ineligible for public housing. The deterioration of the projects was accelerated, in the Sixties and Seventies, by civil-liberties advances that, combined with lax government administration, made it more and more difficult to screen tenants and evict criminals or otherwise destructive people.

More questionable even than Judge Sand's reasoning is his drastic "remedy." It is difficult to avoid reading his ruling—its tone as well as its substance—as anything but a long polemic on behalf of the idea that the way to fix things is to use all the coercive power of the state to spread the underclass around, though of course he declines to put it in those terms. And since the court's correctives have been clearly punitive as well as "remedial," they raise disturbing questions about collective guilt.

The Case of the Well-Connected Judge

LEONARD SAND was elevated to the federal bench in 1978, by Jimmy Carter. (The judge's brother-in-law, the entrepreneur R. Peter Straus, was a big Carter fundraiser in the 1976 campaign.) A former real-estate lawyer, Sand is a rich man and very well connected: his wife, Ann, springs from a cadet branch of the Sulzberger family and is a cousin of the publisher of the *New York Times*.

Sand has a reputation, in the judge business, for settling cases before trial, and the Yonkers initiative is by no means his only venture into social activism. In the mid Eighties, to correct a dearth of black captains in the New York City Fire Department, he gave his blessing to an intricate plan in which black fire lieutenants were leapfrogged to promotion over whites with higher test scores. Early last year Sand overturned a ban on begging in New York City's transit system, deciding that the panhandlers there were merely exercising a right of free speech guaranteed by the Constitution. That was too much even for the *Times*, which noted the presence of "wild-eyed vagrants who just might be loony enough to push someone in front of a train" and suggested editorially that the judge was out of touch with reality. Sand was finally overruled, by an appeals court that fired some sharp words in his direction: When such social problems are viewed "from the imaginary heights of Mount Olympus," the court said, "a rigid, mechanistic application of some legal doctrine" can redound "to the great detriment of the common good."

In Yonkers, the judge has found a convenient way around various obstacles: he "deems" them out of existence. Is there trouble finding sites because condemnation would violate local ordinances? Judge Sand "deems" the ordinances superseded. Would some of the sites encroach on irreplaceable parkland? Judge Sand "deems" the parkland available, ignoring a New York law that says conversion of parks to other uses requires the approval of the state legislature.

Since the first two hundred units are to be in multifamily dwellings, they would ordinarily have to meet stiffer fire and other safety standards than single-family homes. DeLuxe Homes balked at that because it's more expensive. So Judge Sand ordered the city to waive the building codes.

Getting sites for the new public housing has been a burden, both for Judge Sand and for the consultant Oscar Newman, but for Newman, at least, a rewarding one: his bills to the city, including many creative expense vouchers, are now approaching a million dollars. Newman picked the locations, churning the suburban skies in a helicopter, and one of his choices, on land owned by St. Joseph's Seminary, touched off a disagreeable contretemps with the Archdiocese of New York—Cardinal O'Connor indicating, after considerable hell-raising by Yonkers parishioners, that he had agreed to turn over the seminary land only because he was led to believe it would be condemned if he didn't.

The seminary site was ultimately de-selected, constitutional freedom of religion having become an issue, and replaced by another that had originally been rejected as too expensive. The alternative site, off Gramercy Avenue, will require the building of an access road and, probably, base-rock blasting—extras that are likely to boost the cost to $235,000 per apartment unit: more than you'd have to pay for a typical single-family house in Yonkers, if you wanted to buy one these days. And the environmental objections to the over-all housing plan are more than mere obstructionism. Questions about the effect on traffic, residential congestion, and Yonkers's overburdened sewage system have been routinely ignored, prior legalities be damned.

The total cost overrun for the two hundred units is likely to be substantial, with much of the indirect expense borne by the city. But HUD Secretary Jack Kemp has promised as much federal money as it takes for basic construction. His own view, reportedly, is that he'd like to "get Yonkers out of my head—as soon as possible." Like a lot of other people, including Governor Cuomo. The governor suggested at one point that the roots of the conflict might lie more in class than in race, but in general his tactic has been to keep as much distance as possible between himself and this political nettle. It hasn't always been easy. At the height of the city's confrontation with Judge Sand, in 1988, Cuomo attracted considerable press criticism for declining to remove the defiant councilmen from office. ("Must Judge Sand Stand Alone?" the *Times* wondered.)

Mousetrapped

AS OTHERS have noted, the Yonkers story drips with irony. The city has a little over a fifth of the population of Westchester County, but more than *two*-fifths of its public housing, and many of its citizens feel by now that Yonkers has been mousetrapped by its own good intentions. Rich neighboring towns like

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Scarsdale and Bronxville have avoided the problem because they never accepted public housing in the first place. Or take Pound Ridge, in the picturesque reaches of northern Westchester. It's the fourth richest community in one of the nation's richest counties, with a population of 4,500 that includes about a dozen black families, most of them upper-middle-class. Not only does Pound Ridge have zero public housing, the mere mention of downzoning to permit more "affordable" residences is enough to send the villagers off to the barricades.

Yonkers residents are particularly interested in Pound Ridge because Judge Sand lives there, on a 32-acre estate. (He and his wife also have an apartment in Manhattan.) People from Yonkers have picketed his home, suggesting that perhaps he might like to have a project or two in Pound Ridge. The judge told a television reporter he wouldn't mind, but unfortunately Pound Ridge doesn't have the infrastructure—bus lines, things like that. (In Yonkers, Sand has ordered the city to provide new transportation and other services if present facilities are inadequate.)

References to Judge Sand's personal residential arrangements are of course ad hominem. But it is hardly irrelevant, underscoring as it does the way fashionable leveling nostrums have been imposed on the middle and working classes by judges, bureaucrats, and civil-rights lawyers who themselves remain insulated, to a large degree, by wealth, position, and geography.

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In the Yonkers case, the phenomenon is not limited to Judge Sand. Michael Sussman, the energetic NAACP lawyer, lives even further upstate in the exurban town of Chester (3 per cent black, zero public housing), where he ran successfully for the town council on a platform that included opposition to a 950-unit housing development (which apparently had nothing to do with race). Oscar Newman, the idealistic scatter-site specialist, lives in affluent Great Neck, Long Island. Donald Batista, the positive-thinking school superintendent, pulled his own daughter out of the public system there and sent her to a nice Catholic school in New Rochelle. Et cetera, et cetera.

Even the key word in the Yonkers debate—desegregation—is a loaded one. Yonkers is not "segregated": what the avenging courts are talking about is racial imbalance, which is quite a different thing. A sociological survey in the mid Seventies found that Yonkers, in the period 1940–1970, when it was supposedly engaging in all that deliberate segregation, was the ninth most integrated of 109 large and medium-sized cities across the nation. Blacks, in short, are not barred from East Yonkers. There's not a single Census tract in the city that doesn't have at least a few black residents, and the 1990 Census shows that the black percentage, while still small in most cases, has doubled or even tripled in many East Side sections since 1980. And no, you don't have to be Lena Horne or Sidney Poitier.

But the controversy has been made to order for the prejudices of the progressive press, and the sanctimony of *Times* editorials has been outdone by the Gannett press in Westchester. Gannett's local paper, the *Herald Statesman*, approvingly cites the judge's "insistence that the U.S. Constitution applies in Yonkers"—the Constitution as exegized by Leonard Sand, that is. And in promoting the school-integration plan the *Statesman* sometimes carries its zeal to the point of carelessness with the truth: one glowing editorial, in January, noted happily (and falsely) that "the district's racial makeup over the past two years has remained 50 per cent minority and 50 per cent white." Would editor Milton Hoffman run a correction, since the actual 60–40 ratio of minorities to whites told a rather different story? Well . . . don't hang by your thumbs.

Such editorial views tend to be reflected, somewhat more circumspectly, in the news columns. The problem, we are encouraged to believe, is all those benighted Northern rednecks unleashing their bigotry in an unruly attempt to thwart the forces of enlightenment—a superior tone polished to perfection by Gannett columnist Nancy Q. Keefe, who, after the Supreme Court threw out Sand-imposed personal fines against the defiant councilmen, noted that the celebration at Yonkers City Hall featured *pink* champagne. "Egad," Miss Keefe sniffed, "these people have no class and no taste." (Nancy Keefe lives in Larchmont, a pleasant, leafy Westchester suburb with zero public housing and a black population of 1.4 per cent.)

It is certainly true that the Yonkers protest has often been short on tastefulness. The City Council chamber has rung with catcalls and epithets, as hundreds of people turn out for sessions that concern the housing battle. One of the most bizarre episodes began in January of 1988, when a 34-year-old Yonkers woman named Laurie Recht took the floor to urge compliance with Judge Sand's orders. The heckling by the audience was merciless, and Miss Recht became an instant heroine to the press—all the more sympathetic when she reported getting telephoned death threats, and when menacing graffiti, including a swastika, started appearing on the wall outside her apartment. Michael Winerip of the *Times* devoted a long column to her under the headline "As a Mob Howls, One in Yonkers Pleads for Sanity." In May, the "lone voice" got an honorary doctorate from a Catholic college in New Rochelle. Unhappily for the cause of sanity, however, monitoring equipment revealed that the telephoned death threats were nonexistent, and a camera set up in the hall discovered that the person spray-painting the menacing graffiti was—Laurie Recht. She pleaded guilty to fraud and is now on five years' probation, sentenced to perform

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three hundred hours of community service and participate in a mental-health program. (The *Times* sort of lost interest in Miss Recht and, to the best of Constant Reader's knowledge, neglected to report the sentence.)

That whiff of seeming anti-Semitism in the Recht episode—the spurious swastika—is, by the way, another irony, since the resistance to Judge Sand has considerable support in Yonkers's sizable Jewish community. The first president of Save Yonkers was Jewish, and Save Yonkers still holds most of its meetings at the Jewish Center in the heavily Jewish (and racially integrated) Lincoln Park neighborhood.

The feeling in the black community is a little hard to gauge. At the outset, there were a number of black voices saying that the housing money should be spent to improve the Southwest rather than to scatter low-income projects in East Yonkers. And in January 1988, when eight hundred people from Yonkers went to Washington to protest the housing plan, the caravan included several busloads of blacks, about 150 all told. Early in 1990, fissures in the black community were apparent when the Reverend Al Sharpton came to Yonkers and mounted one of his celebrated marches. He was joined by some local militants, but the NAACP dissociated itself from the demonstrations and there was considerable acrimony, Sharpton calling one NAACP leader an "Aunt Jemima." But Al Sharpton has many battles to fight in the war against racism, and he has apparently put Yonkers on the back burner.

It is not difficult to find black homeowners in Yonkers whose private views on living next door to low-income housing projects differ little if at all from those of their white counterparts. But it's not easy for them to speak out publicly. And the local NAACP has a new chairman—28-year-old Kenneth Jenkins—who has been pushing the housing issue into the forefront.

Predominantly white community organizations have sprung up from time to time to counter Save Yonkers, with carefully crafted acronymic names like COMPLY, CANOPY, and YIELD—the latter an interfaith group powered mainly by the clergy, which by and large supports accommodation. (One Save Yonkers leader, Jack Treacy, says he hasn't gone to church for a year, not because he's lost his religion, but because he can't take the endless social sermonizing any more.) Some people appalled at the crime, blight, and decay in the projects of Southwest Yonkers focus on America's historical injustices, with a probably genuine sympathy for the decent black people trapped among the sociopaths, and sincerely believe that Judge Sand's approach offers some prospect of amelioration. "It's a start," to quote one idealistic real-estate agent (oxymoron alert!). Other accommodationists live in neighborhoods not targeted as housing sites and would like to cut a deal that would leave them relatively unscathed.

In the meantime, life in Yonkers is ever more politicized. Henry Spallone is running hard for re-election, and the vote in November will be crucial because Yonkers is dispensing with its city manager and giving its mayor full executive power. But in the Byzantine byways of Yonkers politics, "unity" among the defiant has never been more than a matter of contentious expediency, and Spallone has enthusiastic detractors as well as avid partisans. City Manager Neil DeLuca describes him as "an utter fool" who has "no idea what's going on." Jack O'Toole says the only thing worse than the housing projects would be "Hank Spallone becoming a strong mayor." A pro-Spallone group called Concerned Citizens says O'Toole's real aim is to lose the housing case so he can blame Spallone and further his own putative political ambitions. You get the flavor.

The politicization extends even to the rechristening of schools as part of the court-imposed reorganization. There was some talk of a Martin Luther King magnet school, but Judge Sand thought that might discourage white students from enrolling. A proposal to honor the black poet Countee Cullen likewise fell by the wayside, as did suggestions that at least one school might be named for Yonkers. The ultimate winners were two recently deceased local educators, one black and one white; the Puerto Rican patriot Eugenio María de Hostos; the Polish general Casimir Pulaski; and, in a breathtaking, come-from-behind finish, the late Lebanese thinker of stimulating thoughts Kahlil (*The Prophet*) Gibran. The new names still require the approval of Judge Sand and the NAACP, but that is expected to be forthcoming.

Why Not Give In?

THE ARGUMENT for compliance can't be easily dismissed. There are those who argue that the city could have gotten off with a far less stringent "remedy" if it had knuckled under at the outset: "You can't beat a federal judge." Worked over by the courts, financially buffeted—wouldn't it be better if the city made the best of a raw deal and moved on? Maybe. Jack O'Toole and his friends don't see it that way. And even if Yonkers loses in the end, its long, dogged resistance may have had an effect on the way the nation looks at what does or doesn't make sense in dealing with the plight of the underclass.

Yonkers has its intellectual defenders, and there are others, like Professor Peter Salins at Hunter College, who, while not necessarily defenders, have skewered the hypocrisy of putting such an onerous burden on Yonkers while the Scarsdales and Bronxvilles escape. But Salins also says the issue is not "whether the location of publicly subsidized housing in middle-class white neighborhoods is an effective means" of "ending residential racial segregation." And here he's mistaken. That is *precisely* the issue, in Boston and Detroit and Los Angeles, in Yonkers and Scarsdale and even Pound Ridge: the coerced commingling of classes, under the guise of racial reparations, is a strategy that has left a trail of wreckage across the social landscape, sapping the vitality of American cities. To surrender to the premises, the philosophical mindset, is to join the latter-day Bourbons of the bench who have forgotten nothing and learned nothing. □

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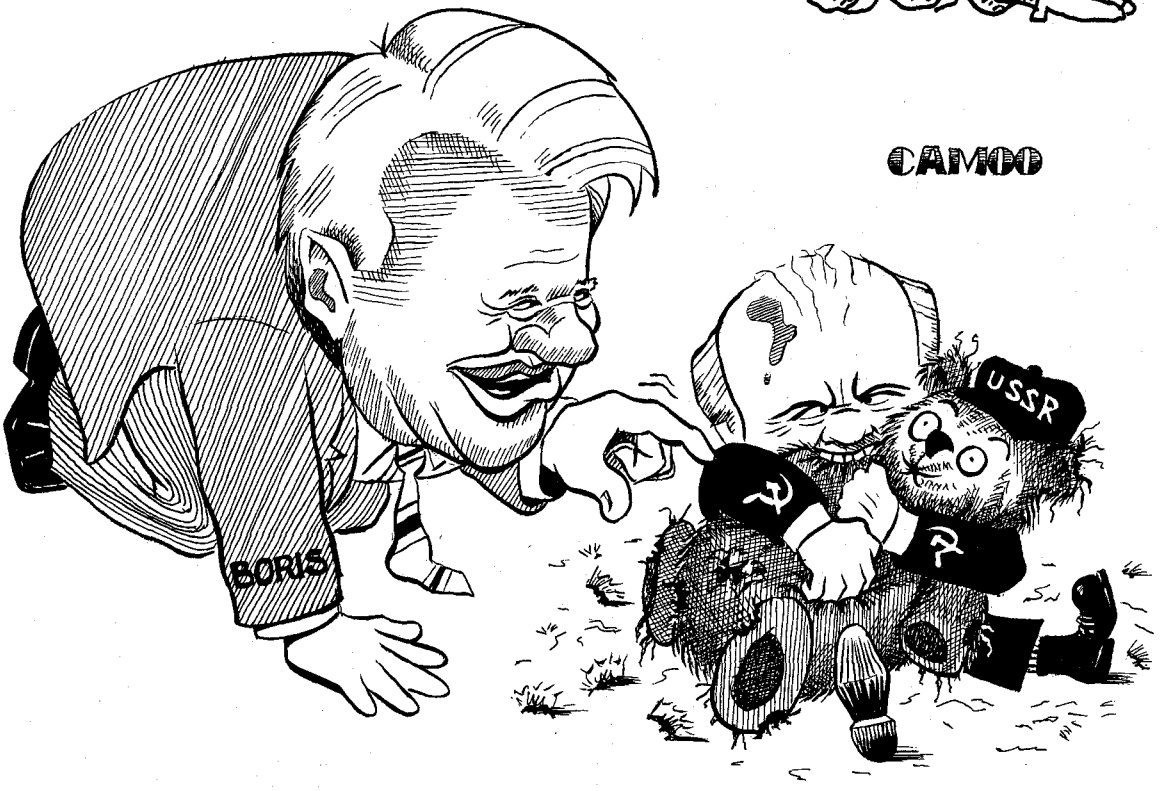

"TIME TO LET GO, MIKHAIL..."

He's Still Their Baby

As Gorbachev struggles like whales on the sand
Who sense the horizon's beyond their command,
Bush, Baker, and Nixon make heartening clucks
While Yeltsin contributes a couple of yuks.

W. H. VON DREELE

"Please keep my bank solvent . . ."

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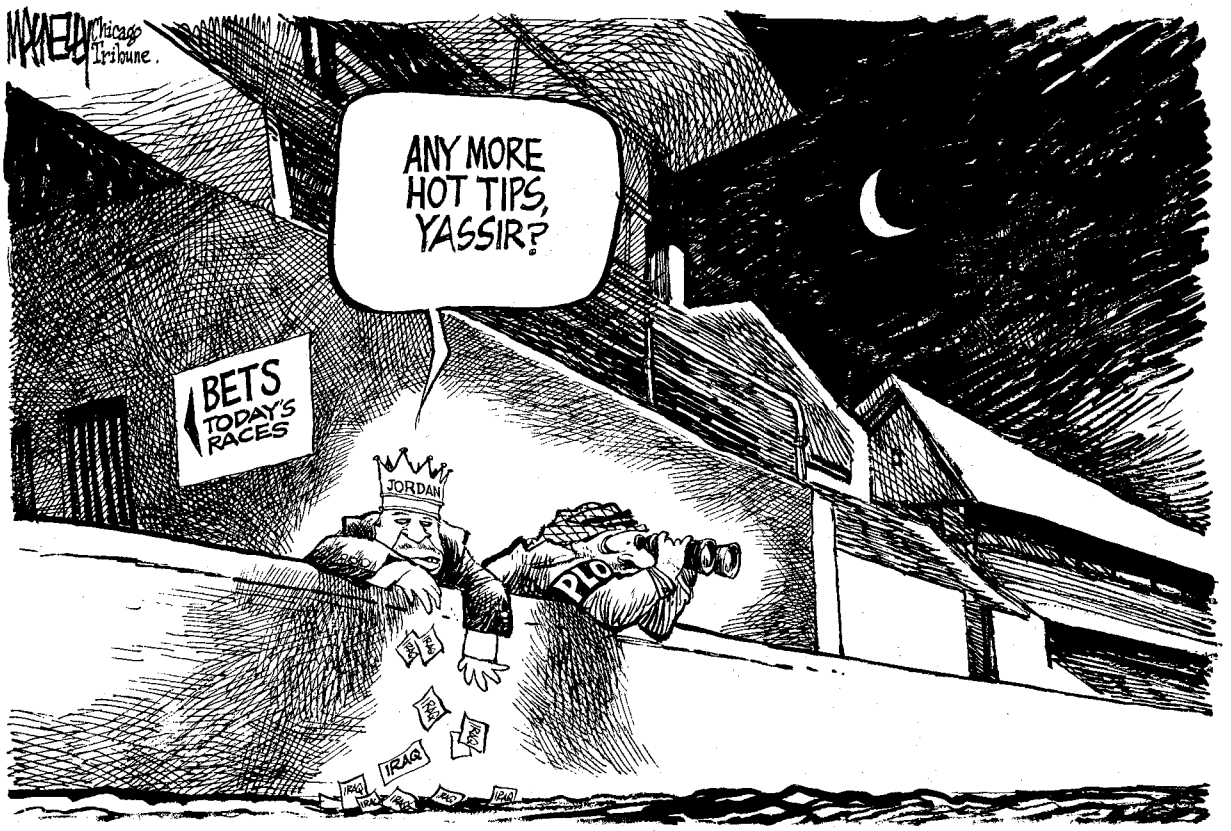

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After the Gulf War

WILL SADDAM GET THE BOMB?

And if he does, how big a deal will it be? Won't he be deterred from using it, just as the Soviets were throughout the cold war? A six-point guide to answering those questions.

ADAM GARFINKLE

NOW THAT the Gulf War is over, we can drag this bone-chilling question out of the closet: If Saddam Hussein had had nuclear weapons on August 2, 1990, how might the crisis have gone? The prospect certainly focused the American mind; polls in December showed a majority believing the best reason to go to war was to stop Saddam from developing nuclear weapons.

Well, to war we went, and we won big. But maybe not big enough. Hard though it is to fathom, Saddam and the Baath are still there, they're patient and calculating, and thirst for revenge is not a rare sentiment among Arabs. Nuclear revenge perhaps?

Don't dismiss the possibility. We hurt Baghdad's nuclear program in the air war, but did we kill it? More than 25 pounds of uranium are missing, and, for all we know, centrifuges are whirring away in mineshafts north of Baghdad, rushing to prepare doses of radioactive poison for liberated Kuwait and environs.

But wait: the ceasefire agreement guarantees that our problems with Iraqi non-conventional weaponry are solved for all time, right? Wrong. Even if Iraq complies totally at the outset, we have no guarantees of good behavior into the future. Pieces of paper, even agreements solemnly made in good faith, perish eventually along with all things human. That being so, what are we to expect of a commitment made under extreme duress?

The U.S. Government, therefore, should use any means necessary to find out how much Iraq's nuclear program has been hurt, and, if the Iraqis do not comply completely and in perpetuity with UN strictures designed to end their nuclear-weapons program, then we should end it for them.

The problem transcends the near-term dangers posed by Saddam Hussein and reaches to the most portentous question facing the region today: If non-conventional weaponry is allowed to spread throughout the Middle East, are conditions such that deterrence will prevent wars of mass destruction? The short answer is that nuclear deterrence won't work in the Middle East. Indeed, it is likely to flunk its first major test.

Now, some influential people insist otherwise. Zbigniew Brzezinski and Arthur Schlesinger, for example, told us last fall we needn't have feared a nuclear Iraq because just as U.S. nuclear weapons have deterred Soviet use, so U.S. and Israeli weapons would deter Iraqi use. Unbelievable? Here is Richard Rhodes, Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *The Making of the Atomic Bomb*: "Forty-five years of postwar history has demonstrated that acquiring such weapons in a nuclear-armed world is inescapably self-deterring." Harvard Professor Stanley Hoffmann has gone further: "Deterrence . . . remains an effective substitute for preventative war. Israel could deter Iraq, and the U.S. and other nuclear states could provide a nuclear guarantee to countries threatened by Iraq's nuclear capacity."

Non-Transferrable

BUT IT IS both wrong and dangerous to assume that the theory and experience of U.S.–Soviet deterrence can be superimposed on other situations and cultures. Six observations sharpen the point.

First, U.S.–Soviet deterrence has been a straightforward two-actor proposition. It has never mattered much what anyone outside the NATO–Warsaw Pact nexus thought or did in a superpower crisis. But Middle Eastern antagonisms are omnidirectional, and politicians must consider powers outside the region, too. Their calculations are thus far less certain, making a nuclear exchange by accident or miscalculation much likelier.

Second, first-generation nuclear weapons are generally unreliable and—much more important—vulnerable. Stable deterrence depends on mutually survivable retaliatory forces, not mutually vulnerable ones.

Third, U.S.–Soviet risks in failed deterrence have been assumed, for

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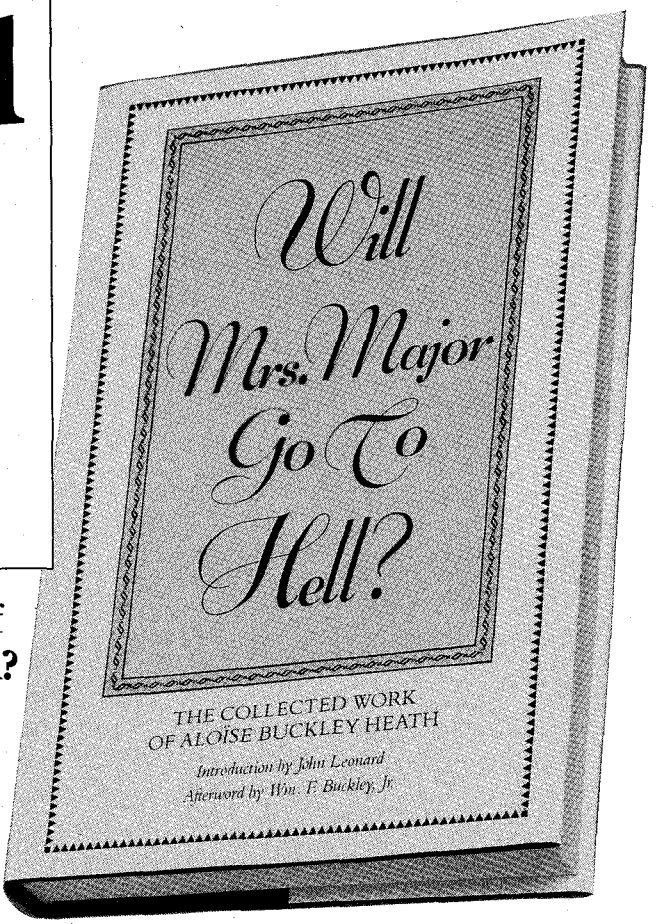
Will Mrs. Major Go To Hell?
THE COLLECTED WORK OF ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH
Introduction by John Leonard
Afterword by Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

...but you can get the brand-new updated edition of Aloïse Buckley Heath's **Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?** directly from *National Review* for just $16.95.

Here is what the "Book-of-the-Month Club News" said about **Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?** when it was first published:

> "It may be the warmest, funniest book about suburban family life since *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, and it suggests that a true talent was lost when Mrs. Heath died at the untimely age of 48. She was one of ten children and had ten of her own, which helps explain why she was busy. The picture she gives of the way her family lived is both touching and hilarious, and she also casts a wry glance at the social scene in such pieces as one entitled 'Ladies Month in the Slicks,' wherein she notes, regarding the suggestion that harried housewives be given a paid-up charm course for Christmas, 'This gift had better be limited to harried housewives you know very well indeed.'"

...and we honestly can't remember when we've seen a more tender, poignant collection of stories. The late Aloïse Buckley Heath (William F. Buckley Jr.'s sister) wrote some absolutely priceless things about her own family, and the early days of *National Review*, plus some marvelously funny satirical observations on our contemporary habits and institutions.

There is something in this book to please every member of your family. You'll meet all the Heath children and encounter with them such American institutions as the New Math and the episode of the riotous carpool.

Don't miss her wonderfully entertaining views on soap operas or her recollections as an inadvertent fund-raiser (successful and highly unorthodox) for Smith College. Her Christmas stories are authentic classics, especially the Heaths' version of a Trapp Family Christmas.

And don't miss her "Baby in the Bathroom," "A Letter for Maureen" or "Politics and Mortal Sin." **Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?** captures perfectly Mrs. Heath's own vibrant spirit ... the book is an absolute classic of tenderness and humanity.

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safety's sake, to be total: certain destruction of both societies. Not so in the Middle East, at least not yet. And less than ultimate stakes produce less than perfect caution.

Fourth, that U.S. and Soviet caution has stemmed from fears of total destruction implies that those leaderships have cared enough about their countrymen to avoid actions likely to get millions of them killed. But we have seen repeated demonstrations of the Iraqi leadership's chilling callousness toward its own people. One reason might be that Iraq's Baathists are overwhelmingly Sunni Muslim Arabs in a country where Shiites are a majority, and where (non-Arab) Kurds nearly equal them in number. Would a Sunni regime that contemplates murdering and/or expelling more than two million Kurds really mind if they got nuked by foreigners instead?

Fifth, Saddam's case, it is true, raises a special question not about nationality or rationality, but about personality. Psychiatrists have characterized Saddam as a malignant narcissist with sociopathic tendencies—in English, a self-centered and violent man with no conscience. Not only did he make his entire population hostage to a murderous machismo of defiance, and then shoot, bomb, gas, and napalm thousands of his own countrymen when the defiance failed, he is still not beyond taking millions of innocents with him to the grave.

Sixth, extended deterrence works when protector nuclear powers can credibly convince aggressors that aggression will be resisted, with nuclear trump if necessary. Credibility depends partly on firepower, but also on willpower. Extended deterrence deters only when a potential aggressor is convinced that the protector power sees its own vital interests at stake; otherwise threats to retaliate are too thin. That's why American extended deterrence for Western Europe succeeded:

POLLS, POLITICIANS, AND THE GULF WAR

POLITICIANS who read the polls (and which ones do not?) to help them decide which policies to support, beware. While well-conducted polls are the only reliable way to measure current public opinion, they are unreliable predictors of future opinion for two reasons. First, public opinion sometimes changes dramatically; today's polls measure only what people are thinking now. Second, the public is not good at predicting how it will react to future or hypothetical events.

This lesson has been strongly reinforced by the Gulf War. No doubt many members of Congress who voted, on January 12, against authorization of the war did so for honorable reasons. But some surely did so with one eye on the polls.

Seven different national polling organizations which conducted surveys just before January 15 all reported that less than 50 per cent (between 44 and 49 per cent) favored immediate military action, while a similar or slightly higher proportion favored allowing more time for sanctions to work. Immediately after the air war began, opinion changed dramatically. The polls reported between 68 and 84 per cent of the public approving the decision to go to war, while those who favored waiting had dropped to between 13 and 26 per cent.

Just before the ground war began, public opinion clearly preferred a continuation of the air war to an invasion. For example, a CBS/*New York Times* poll reported that a massive 79 per cent majority wanted the coalition to "continue mainly bombing from the air," while only 11 per cent favored "beginning the ground war soon." But 11 days later another CBS/*New York Times* poll reported a huge 75 to 19 per cent majority believed that it was "right to start the ground war" when it was started. Events, not the public's previous opinions, shaped public opinion. In politics, as in much else, nothing succeeds like success.

Longtime students of the polls, here and abroad, will not find this volatility surprising. A very similar pattern of polling data was reported in Britain before, during, and after the Falklands War. Before the first shots were fired, as British forces sailed south, polls showed most people believing that Mrs. Thatcher would not be justified in using force if even very few British lives were lost. In the event, over 250 were killed, including the sailors burnt to death in the floating inferno of the frigate *Sheffield*. But, far from flinching, public opinion quickly became overwhelmingly supportive of the military option.

Mrs. Thatcher's lack of interest in the polls while the British prepared to recapture the Falklands was totally in character. Not even her worst enemies accused her of pandering to public opinion. For the first eight of her 11 years as prime minister she showed that doing the right thing, or what she saw as the right thing, even if it was initially unpopular, was not just good policy but also good election-winning politics.

Commercial marketing researchers have known for years not to rely on consumers' own expectations of what they will do or think in the future. In the 1950s George Katona, at the University of Michigan, demonstrated that many people who say they will buy something will not do so, while many others who say they won't buy it, will. This is equally true when it comes to politics.

None of this means that politicians should, or could afford to, ignore public opinion. Mrs. Thatcher was finally undone by her stubborn commitment to her very unpopular poll tax. Success in politics—that is, re-election—depends in large measure on how the people perceive your record, on whether or not they think you did right by them. Selling your policies and your record to the public is much easier if you understand what the public knows, thinks, feels, and wants. But the key to re-election is to distinguish between what the public thinks is right today and what it will think when the next election comes around. That can mean persuading the public to change its mind. If politicians are now more aware of this difference—the difference between leadership and followership—that is one more benefit of the Gulf War. —HUMPHREY TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor is President of Louis Harris and Associates, Inc.

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preventing Soviet control there has been universally understood as a vital American interest.

No such clarity is possible in the Middle East, however. If Israel extended nuclear protection to Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, would they accept it? Would Iraq believe it? Would any U.S. President order nuclear attacks against Iraq on behalf of Iran? Jordan? Syria? No, and Middle Eastern despots present and future are bound to know it. Unless real bonds of value unite protectors and protected, threats of nuclear vengeance will not be taken seriously.

A nuclear Iraq is well worth preventing long into the future, and a nuclear Saddam is worth preventing right now. If the Bush Administration chooses, even after its new open-ended commitment to the Kurds, not to eliminate Saddam directly, it had still better make very sure that Saddam or his successor can't sandbag us with a dirty nuke come August 2, 1992, or 1993. Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't that what Army Special Forces units are for? □

ARTS WAR

THE END OF THE N.E.A.

JACOB NEUSNER

TWO YEARS AGO, in April 1989, the destruction of the National Endowment for the Arts began. It all started with a letter from the American Family Foundation of Tupelo, Mississippi, complaining to the members of the National Council on the Arts about a grant made by a beneficiary of a state arts agency, the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art, in support of a gross offense to the Christian religion. It seems an artist named Serrano had filled a jar with urine, placed in it a plastic statue of Christ on the Cross, and called the result art. For that he got around $20,000 in taxpayer funds. Alone among Council members, I replied to Tupelo, saying, "You're right, we goofed, and I personally apologize." Not only did I certainly mean it, but it had always been the standard reply to a valid complaint, one that closed off needless controversy.

But the way of wisdom was not to be followed. And therein lies the story of how a federal agency made itself a national joke.

At that moment, the chairmanship of the NEA was vacant, Frank Hodsoll having gone on to his just reward at the OMB, and a deputy chairman

Mr. Neusner served on the National Council on the Arts, the governing body of the NEA, from 1984 to 1990.

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served instead. Like many others on the NEA's staff, the deputy chairman had close connections with the art world (indeed, a few months later he turned up as business manager of the Metropolitan Opera, a position in which he lasted for scarcely a year). The "we goofed, we're sorry" message hardly wins friends in the art world, and the American Family Foundation —speaking for millions who object to the defamation of religion—got no satisfaction, such as it surely had coming.

Still, a $20,000 jar of urine, by itself, would not have precipitated 24 months of crisis and the ultimate disgrace of the agency. What did was a catastrophe quite outside the NEA's control. A year earlier, we had made a grant to the Institute for Contemporary Art at the University of Pennsylvania for a show of photographs by a man named Mapplethorpe. I say we, because the Council had unanimously voted in favor of the grant. We were told we were voting for a study of lights and shadows or textures or some such, so why not? Nobody warned us just what was in the light, and what was not kept in the shadows at all.

At any rate, scarcely had *Piss Christ* quieted down when Mapplethorpe erupted. Just a few days before this NEA-funded show was due to open at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., the director of the Gallery, claiming that she was defending the NEA from mysterious enemies, simply canceled the show.

To the Barricades

THE ART WORLD was outraged and saw the cancellation as an act of censorship. By announcing that she had canceled the show because of threats to the NEA, the Corcoran's director herself mortally wounded the NEA. And since the staff had not told the Council what it had voted for in Mapplethorpe's grant, the Council could not take the heat, as it is supposed to, by saying, We knew what we were doing and we uphold our action (as a majority would have said), or, We goofed, we're sorry, as I would have said. The entire institutional arrangement Congress had created to deal with controversy—a chairman and a Council, responsible both to Congress and to the public—had been subverted by the staff and the chairman of the agency.

It briefly appeared that a settlement might be reached. In August 1989, the prevailing consensus was stated with great eloquence by Senator Claiborne Pell, who had midwifed the NEA in 1965: No obscenity, no censorship. Representatives Pat Williams (D., Mont.) and Ralph Regula (R., Ohio), important figures in Endowment matters, concurred. Congressman Sidney Yates (D., Ill.), the Endowment's best friend on the Hill, a man of wit and conscience, went along. So we had our agreement. The Endowment would not fund the yuckie stuff. And the Endowment also would not place itself in the position of having to tell artists what to do or not to do.

But matters were not to prove so simple. For now, in the fall of 1989, onto the field, riding every which way, came John Frohnmayer, warbler, lawyer, George Bush's 1988 campaign manager in Oregon, a man more confused than confusing, carrying a heavy burden of sentimentality but a light load of wisdom.

Anyone who thought that Frohnmayer, politically experienced and well connected as he was, might be the right man for a difficult political job entertained the notion for precisely five days. On the Monday of his first week on the job, the chairman phoned me: "Jack, I'm pulling the such-and-such grant."

"John, you could as well say, We goofed, we're sorry."

"No, I'm pulling the grant."

"Well, John, I'm with you."

"You're joking!"

But then, a few days later, a staff member told me, "John is going to New York to see the exhibit himself."

"What ever for?"

"Do you want to come too?"

Sure enough, the next day, Frohnmayer came, he saw, and he was conquered. He announced that he was making the grant after all; it really was a beautiful exhibition; he liked it. So that was that.

But as it turned out, that wasn't that. Nothing was settled, except the chairman's reputation. From then to now he has taken an agency that had enjoyed, on the whole, public support and won for it something worse than hatred: the contempt of vast numbers of Americans.

The reason is simple. Frohnmayer says everything and its opposite. On September 17, 1990, he gave a marvelous address at the National Press Club. He said that the Endowment belongs not only to the artists but to the entire American people, and so the Endowment should do the things that the federal establishment does well, such as supporting institutions, supporting overseas displays of American art, and building larger audiences for the arts. Left out? Grants for "the cutting edge" (a/k/a the yuckie stuff).

The other side would be rid of what it did not want, which was "restrictive language," e.g., you may not use federal funds to employ human fetuses in art work, you may not use federal funds to engage in partisan politics. And the conservative side would be rid of what it did not want, which was the use of federal funds to employ human fetuses in art work or to engage in partisan politics. This miracle, worthy of Solomon, would come about simply because federal funds would be directed toward institutions—no more paying out-of-work artists to insult the middle-brow public.

What happened was precisely the opposite. Whatever Frohnmayer said before the 1990 election, once the agency had survived its reauthorization it went on as before. According to recent news, enormous grants have gone to some of the very people who provoked the outrage to begin with.

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Frohnmayer now tells us he will not even carry out the law, which says that considerations of decency will come into play. The rump Council, meeting with no quorum, concurs.

What I think is at stake is three issues. First, do conservatives and religious people have a right to participate in the shaping of the political consensus? No, we now are hearing, we do not have to be listened to. Second, does Congress have the right to legislate public policy? No, it can propose, but the NEA administration will dispose. Third, can tax money spent on the arts materially contribute to the general welfare? No, considerations of the social order will not stand in the way of the NEA's use of public funds in any way the insiders please.

Before the 1990 election, I introduced a motion at the Council that the NEA not fund a variety of projects found objectionable by various constituencies—e.g., no funds to projects that use pieces of a human fetus; no funds to projects that propagate views either in favor of or against any religion. But one clause was especially close to my heart: no federal funds for projects that served partisan political purposes. This seemed to me unarguable.

It of course lost, with three Council stalwarts voting in favor, everybody else opposed. The *New York Times* published a letter challenging me to name a single great work of art that was not also a political statement. I replied, "Sure, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony." Maybe the letter was too short; the *Times* didn't print it.

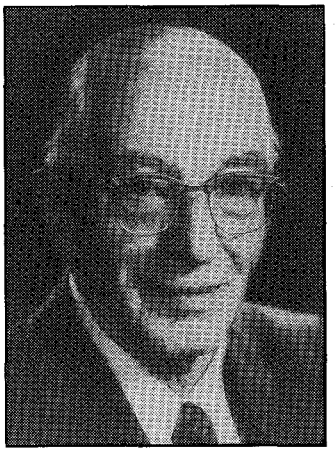
Two years after Serrano, our side has lost the struggle to preserve the NEA as an agency in the service of the entire American people. The NEA is held captive by a staff that regards with contempt conservatives, Republicans, taxpayers, the middle class, and pretty much everybody else outside its own circle of the avant garde.

But what is at stake is not the agency. What now is at stake is the good name of the arts. Congressman Williams came to the Council last summer with Congressman Regula and warned us: "You are making the arts, not the Endowment for the Arts, into the laughing stock. You are giving the arts a bad name."

What an epitaph!

Do I think we should maintain a national endowment for the arts? Yes, I do. But not this one. □

"Posterity may know we have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream."



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CONSERVATIVE QUESTIONS

BACK TO OUR ROOTS

DAVID HOROWITZ

IN HIS manifesto "Conservatism for the People" [Sept. 3, 1990], Paul Weyrich challenges the political Right to reformulate its agenda—until now largely an agenda of dissent—as a governing philosophy, with a "populist" (i.e., majoritarian) appeal.

Weyrich lists several prescriptions for a new conservative agenda, dealing with such social problems as poverty, education, crime, and drugs. I found myself comfortable with most of the elements in Weyrich's proposal, but my optimism was shaken by one central inclusion and one pregnant omission. Together these undermine any majoritarian aspirations the agenda might have and, in my view, serve as an emblem of conservatism's current impasse—the reason that many who finally become disgusted with liberalism still find themselves unable to cross the political battle lines to embrace a creed which otherwise, in their hearts, they know is right. I am referring to Weyrich's inclusion of the "defense of the right to life" as a key element of his manifesto, and even more strikingly his omission of any mention of the subject of race.

Weyrich is himself aware of the obstacle that any agenda that includes "defense of the right to life" must pose to majoritarian political ambitions: "Our agenda must affirm the right to life. But we must understand that the vast majority of Americans are profoundly ambivalent on this issue." In fact, only 30 per cent are actually ambivalent. A critical minority—another 30 per cent—are more than "profoundly ambivalent"; they are as determinedly in favor of the right to abortion with *no* restrictions as the 30 per cent who are convinced that the right to life is absolute are against *any* form of abortion. As long as one remains on the terrain of these absolutes, the arithmetic adds up to an insuperable political barrier: 30 per cent ambivalent and 30 per cent in favor of unrestricted abortion make up a majority coalition that will defeat any political movement that mobilizes around the code words "right to life."

This points up a basic principle of majoritarian politics that is absent from Weyrich's discussion. A true philosophy of governance for Americans must recognize the irreducible pluralism of American society. This means, to begin with, that its political agenda must not be perceived as a threat to the existence of America's minority communities. Conceived as a battle over inalienable rights, the abortion issue poses such a threat. This means that barring a transformation of the American character itself, there is no way that a *political* movement with the "right to life" as a keystone of its agenda can become a governing philosophy for Americans.

But conservatives are not alone in attempting to force their particular morality on a recalcitrant majority. Liberals were the first to back themselves into a political corner over abortion. By claiming abortion as a constitutional right and ramming their preference through the Supreme Court, liberals created the political divisiveness of the "abortion issue" and in so doing confined themselves to a minority base among the electorate. Unfortunately, conservatives lockstepped along and thus squandered the opportunity that this liberal power grab presented. By meeting the radical demand for an abortion right with a counterdemand equally absolute, conservatives forfeited the natural majority that was already opposed to the liberals on the issue.

As an alternative, conservatives could have taken the approach outlined by Judge Bork (for which he was crucified by the liberal-left), that there is no basis in the Constitution for an abortion *right* and that the issue should be resolved through the legislative process. Once returned to the legislatures, the abortion question could be resolved by political compromise, reflecting the real divisions within America's plural communities.

Changing Places

UNTIL the Sixties, recognition of the pluralism of American society and commitment to the defense of threatened minorities was the primary strength of American liberalism. It is the subversion of this appeal in the last two decades by the radical agendas of "liberation," affirmative action, and other group-defined and government-enforced privileges—agendas that Balkanize America and threaten to turn its politics into a South African system of group entitlements—that has subverted liberal principles, and undermined the Democrats' majority coalition.

But not completely. Thus, the abortion issue was originally pressed by feminist ideologues under radical formulas like "reproductive rights," but the politicians of the pro-abortion movement shrewdly recognized that this would never command majority consent. Rhetorically, therefore, the pro-abortionists ran their campaign under the conservative banner of "choice" and "privacy," voicing the classic conservative concern of keeping government out of individuals' bedrooms and lives.

This liberal hypocrisy was indeed the homage that vice pays to virtue. But the radicals could never have stolen the conservative agenda in the first place if conservatives had not yielded it up.

There is no clearer example of the way in which the fundamentalist Right has detrimentally set the agenda of the conservative coalition than in its attitude toward homosexuality—a subject on which Weyrich is silent. Without exactly endorsing the proposition that AIDS is God's punishment for homosexuality, conservative spokesmen often seem to acquiesce in the conclusion. The notorious reluctance of the Reagan Administration to confront the AIDS issue head on is surely attributable to this fundamentalist disposition. In point of fact, if the AIDS epidemic demonstrates any-

Mr. Horowitz is co-author with Peter Collier of Destructive Generation: Second Thoughts about the Sixties. *This article is one in an occasional series on the future of American conservatism.*

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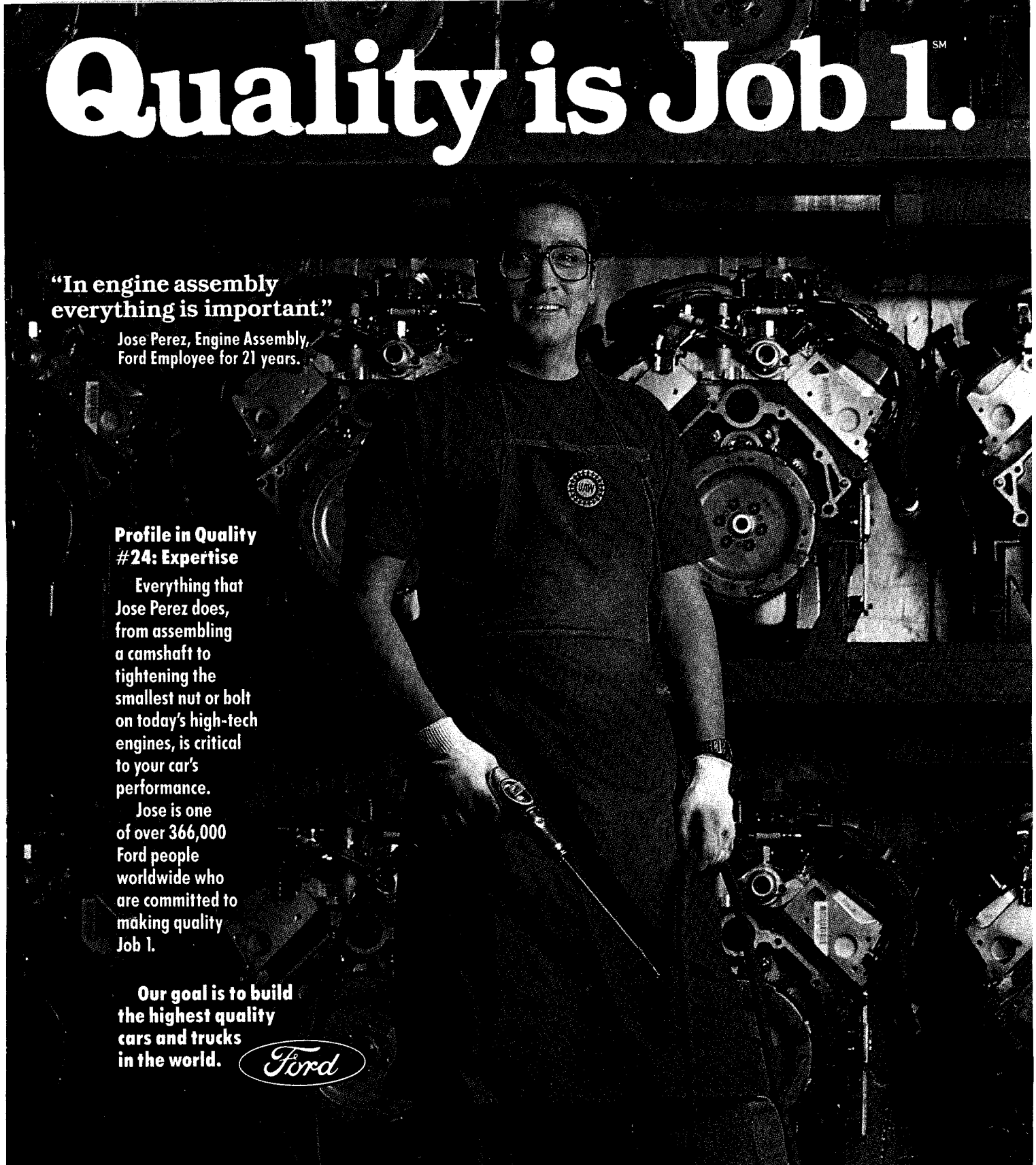

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thing, it confirms the view that homosexuality is itself not a choice (for how many would choose to *join* a high-risk group where the risk is certain death?), but is a stroke of God or nature. This being the case, an appropriate conservative (or even religious) attitude toward homosexuality ought in the first instance to be one of tolerance and respect for difference.

Tolerance and respect for homosexuals does not mean endorsing the political agenda of the homosexual Left, however. This Left has laid siege to the very concept of the biological family, and hijacked America's public-health and health-care-delivery systems for its own political ends. If silence = death, as the homosexual radicals proclaim, promotion of promiscuity and the obstruction of proven public-health methods (testing, contact tracing, etc.) have been the most important factors ensuring the spread of the epidemic and therefore the needless deaths of tens of thousands of homosexuals and others (particularly Hispanic and black IV drug abusers) who were unknowingly in its path. The absolutist Left is a threat to its own constituencies (no surprise here). It is on this pragmatic ground that conservatives should join the political battle. For homosexuals as an American minority: tolerance and respect. For gay "liberation" as a radical agenda: no quarter.

Missing the Point

BUT Weyrich's most striking and significant omission is his failure even to mention the central social issue in America's history: race. Weyrich's omission is doubly odd because the issue of race provides the key to the transformation of American liberalism since the 1960s. It has been observed that the battles of the Sixties were in fact a kind of second civil war. The Sixties were also, in a sense, the true end of the Civil War, its successful conclusion in a new social contract that repaired the faulty structure of the Founding, finally including black Americans (and by extension all minorities) in the constitutional covenant. It is this completed covenant on which a persuasive conservatism must be built.

And it is the rejection of this covenant by post-Sixties radicals that creates both the opportunity and the necessity for this conservative moment in America's political drama. For the radicals of the Sixties, the historic achievement of the civil-rights revolution was not an act of completion, but an occasion for a new offensive on the covenant itself—the "System" that radicals despised by nature. Thus in the wake of the historic achievement of equal opportunity for all Americans, a new agenda was advanced—black power, black liberation, affirmative action, racial entitlement.

When this radical agenda was sold to liberals, it changed the very nature of American liberalism, and not only in the area of civil rights. Charles Murray, in *Losing Ground*, identifies an epochal shift in the Sixties from efforts to achieve equal opportunity to demands for equal outcomes, from the concept of rights as *limits* to government to the agenda of entitlements as *claims* on government.

This radical agenda has subverted liberalism, leaving conservatives as the sole defenders of the liberal legacy. This is the real basis of the majoritarian opportunity. But to defend the liberal legacy, conservatives must defend it against the illiberal forces not only on the Left, but also on the Right. These forces, operating from the ground of a moral fundamentalism, share with left-wing radicals a coercive utopianism in the belief that America's civil society can be reconstructed according to virtuous ideas.

It has been said that with the collapse of Communism and the end of the cold war, the conservative coalition will lose its unity and disintegrate. Perhaps. But conservatives are united in an older battle than the one with the Marxist millenarians. The intellectual roots of modern conservatism reach back to Burke's quarrel with the French Revolution, which also marks the real birth of the modern Left. The animating spirit of conservatism lies in its opposition to the rationalist utopias of the radical Enlightenment—the totalitarian democracies of Rousseau and Marx. Its abiding purpose—and future opportunity—lies in its commitment to the classical liberalism that inspired America's own revolution: limited government, individual rights, democracy, property, and the protection of minorities against the tyranny of the majority. □

WORLD IN CONFLICT

CLOSING TIME FOR THE U.N.?

BRIAN CROZIER

THE GULF WAR showed what the United Nations can do if skillfully handled. The aftermath of the battle showed what the UN can't do, and why the time is ripe for a fundamental change. Such as putting something else in its place.

Having done his Hannibal act, with stunning success, General Norman Schwarzkopf wanted to win the war as well as the latter-day battle of Cannae. The issues are clear enough. Do the Allies merely defeat Hitler in battle? Or do they push on, as agreed at Yalta, and oblige him to take his own life in the Berlin bunker? Does the United States help the Hungarians in 1956, or does it encourage them to rise, then sit by while the Red Army massacres them?

In other words, do we "liberate" Kuwait, then sit and watch while Saddam Hussein's forces massacre the Kurds? Or do we rid the world of an evil and bloodstained tyrant?

Understandably, President Bush wanted UN sanction for armed action against Saddam's regime. He obtained it, with great skill and perseverance ["Handling the United Nations," April 1]. Bush knew he could get a Security

Mr. Crozier, an NR *contributing editor, is the author of* The Gorbachev Phenomenon.

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Council consensus for the liberation of Kuwait. He also knew that he couldn't hope for Big Five assent to a combined action to bring down the Iraqi dictator. China, with memories of the Tiananmen and Tibet suppressions still very much alive, would have vetoed any such move. So would the Soviet Union, in the wake of armed repression in Tbilisi and with unrest in Lithuania and elsewhere.

In major crises, the UN has "worked" in its peacekeeping role only in anomalous circumstances. In 1950, the Security Council united for action when the Korean War began, because the Soviet Union was boycotting it. This time, it united for action because Mikhail Gorbachev had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize and is in the market for Western money. Even so, he tried for a peace of non-humiliation for the man the Soviets had helped so much: Saddam Hussein.

Flawed from Birth

THERE IS absolutely no guarantee that in future conflicts the UN will repeat the isolated successes of 1950 and 1990. In fact, the UN is a legalistic absurdity, deeply flawed from birth.

The accident of history that made the USSR the West's glorious ally also made it a permanent member of the UN Security Council, with power of veto over actions of which it disapproved. Furthermore, since the UN was the creation of the victorious Allies, the emerging major democracies, Germany and Japan, were automatically excluded from the role to which their economic power and military potential have long entitled them.

There were other *ab initio* flaws. One of the five permanent members was to be China, but the assumption that it would be Nationalist China was dashed by Mao Tse-tung's victory over Chiang Kai-shek. The Nixon–Kissinger initiative of 1972 rectified the anomaly without curing the fault.

The argument, sometimes heard, that at least the UN General Assembly provides a platform where the disputatious may let off steam invites an answer: steam at that price comes too expensive, easily undersold by the steam New Yorkers can readily buy from Con Ed.

In 1969, writing in the shocked aftermath of Brezhnev's occupation of Czechoslovakia (which, incidentally, I had forecast), I first proposed a working alternative to the United Nations. I called it the Association of Nations. Today, in the light of the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe, I offer a revival of the idea, with a small change of name: the Association of Free Nations (AFN).

In this context, "small" does not mean "minor." What is needed is an international body with an inner council of states that are free in the American, British, or German sense, with freely elected assemblies, freedom of speech, free economies, and the rule of law (the adverb "relatively" being understood in each stipulation). Not a military alliance, but a body concerned primarily to consider international crises of aggression and armed conflict, and take concerted action.

To write in these terms is not to be starry-eyed about our democracies, all of which are imperfect, each in its own way. But one major point shines out: democracies, it seems, don't go to war against each other. War between those traditional enemies, France and Germany, seems unthinkable so long as each is a democracy. And democratic Japan is hardly likely to do another Pearl Harbor.

An international body dedicated to the maintenance of peace must, by definition, exclude the predatory states. So what about the greatest predator of all: the Soviet Union?

To pose the question is to invite the reservation: wait and see. Wait and see whether the Soviet Union survives its current crisis, whether it turns itself into a kind of United States of Eurasia, whether Lenin's party (and Gorbachev's) stays in the Kremlin or yields to an elected alternative. Wait and see whether Moscow continues to keep a Communist regime in power in Afghanistan and to aid a Communist regime in Angola. So many waits, so many sees.

Initially, then, the AFN's inner council would exclude the USSR; it would consist of the U.S., Japan, Germany, France, Britain, Italy, and (possibly) Spain: free nations with economic substance and actual or potential military muscle. Free and nonpredatory countries such as Canada, Australia, Benelux, and the Scandinavians would automatically qualify for full membership.

Associate membership would be open to countries that are not free and democratic, but do not attack their neighbors. On this basis, even a very unfree country, such as Saudi Arabia, could be admitted. There would be marginal cases, such as South Africa and Argentina. South Africa: not yet a democracy but heading that way. Nonpredatory? In my view its involvements of some time ago in Namibia and Angola were ultimately defensive. Argentina? Quite recently democratic, but an invader not many years ago. *Candidate* membership could cover such marginal cases.

Apart from the Soviet Union, the biggest marginal case of all would be China. Countries that export terrorism, such as Libya and Syria, would be out in the cold, qualifying not for membership but for remedial action by the AFN. Totally disqualified would be Iraq, Cuba, and probably Vietnam.

Discarding the existing UN would be tricky but by no means impossible. As the Charter stands, it is not open to any nation or group of nations to dissolve the United Nations. There is, however, nothing to prevent any nation from abrogating its membership. Expelling predatory states would cause unnecessary problems. It would be far simpler for the putative members of the AFN Council to quit, along with those qualifying for full membership. The associate and candidate members would soon follow, leaving the unvirtuous to ponder the merits of aggression and isolation.

The Balance Sheet

AM I SERIOUS? What a frivolous question! The benefits of an Association of Free Nations would be immense, the drawbacks minimal. At times of crisis, the inner council would be free to act, in most cases without fear of a hostile veto, since those likely to cause crises would be out in the cold. Predator nations would be isolated, and the pressure on them to mend their ways would increase. The old UN would be consigned to where it has long belonged: that mythical place that Khrushchev and other Communists used to call the garbage heap of history.

What I am proposing is a challenge to Western statesmanship. And there, I suppose, I have struck a snag. Statesmanship, just now, is in short supply. □

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Recanting the Revolution

FREDERICK D. NELSON

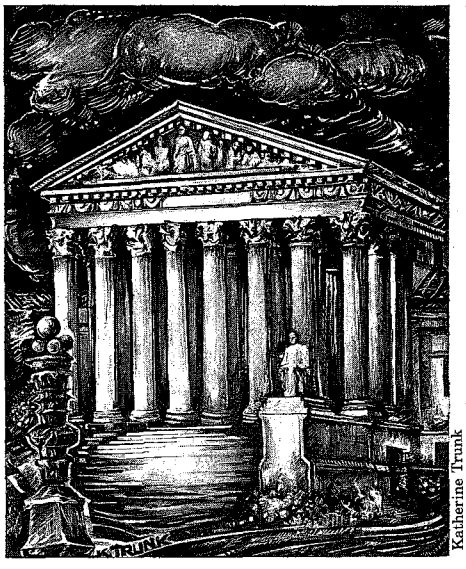
CHARLES FRIED begins his book by posing a rhetorical question: "What does the solicitor general do?" His answer: He prepares to take his seat on the United States Supreme Court. "In this century two chief justices and several associate justices have had the job," we learn.

Recounting his years as chief legal advocate in the second Reagan Administration, Mr. Fried displays all the symptoms of having spent a little too much time in Washington and yearning a little too much to return there. Books written by people not long departed from the political scene often seem intended to settle scores or to rehabilitate the author for future public service (or both); Fried's book might have been more interesting if he had concentrated more on the former and less on the latter. Even when he's being nasty, one senses he's really just struggling to become more politically acceptable.

Order & Law: Arguing the Reagan Revolution—A Firsthand Account, by Charles Fried (Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., $19.95)

Certainly these days someone who aspires to a Supreme Court appointment cannot be too careful. Senate Judiciary Committee confirmation hearings may be sticky, and it's never too early to begin explaining away past indiscretions. Fried comments on his own Judiciary Committee hearing to become solicitor general (it was "serious and useful," he tells us), and notes just "how pleasant and interesting" even the most liberal Democratic senators were. He's especially candid about the current chairman of the Committee: "Senator Biden asked particularly good questions." All in all, a rather different assessment from that which Mr. Fried reportedly gave at the time: "These people don't have follow-up questions because they don't decide which questions to ask in the first place," he is said to have scoffed.

Recanting snide remarks about senators may not be enough to win confirmation to the High Court, however—especially when someone has done the kind of hatchet job on you that Lincoln Caplan performed on Fried in a 1987 book, *The Tenth Justice*. While Fried never mentions Caplan, *Order & Law* seems designed to rebut the earlier work almost point by point. Indeed, some of the odder aspects of Fried's book (comparisons of himself with Archibald Cox, for example) can be understood only in that context.



Katherine Trunk

Our prospective Supreme Court nominee, you see, stands accused of many sins—foremost among them, perhaps, suspected friendship with Brad Reynolds, civil-rights chief and *éminence grise* in the Reagan Justice Department, *bête noire* to many others. So Fried works to clear his name. "I can still picture the chilling way Reynolds made his points: the cold stare, the tense, high-pitched, but quiet voice speaking between clenched teeth." Does that atone for Fried's earlier tribute to Reynolds as quoted by Caplan ("It has principally and overwhelmingly been an honor to have Brad as a friend. It is that friendship . . . [we] celebrate")? Perhaps not quite, and Fried realizes he needs to reconcile the two views. "I cannot entirely understand why Brad had this searing, chilling effect on me," he writes, "especially since I always liked him."

Fried makes clear that the balanced approach he brings to friendship pervades his view of the law as well. Take Caplan's report that within the Reagan Justice Department, Fried claimed credit for the Supreme Court's opinion declining to decree sodomy a fundamental right; although he had not actually participated in the case, Fried had said the Court's controversial *Bowers* decision was "the most dramatic example" of his positive effect upon the Court. In *Order & Law*, Fried now characterizes Justice White's opinion as "stunningly harsh and dismissive" and its reasoning as "incorrect." To some, this sort of flexible approach to law is a virtue, and Fried successfully debunks Caplan's more rigid depiction of him.

Surely mindful that the Judiciary Committee can be a tough audience, Fried works especially hard to prove that he's not Robert Bork. (I, for one, am glad that that question is now put to rest.) In a remarkable chapter on constitutional interpretation, Fried sets up a much-used strawman and attributes not only to Bork but also to the Meese Justice Department corporately an "impulse . . . to turn interpretation into a factual inquiry about what particular people thought about the meaning of a particular text." Now, very few people have espoused a theory of interpretation based on the specific intentions of individual Framers, but Fried eagerly proceeds to demolish the simplistic concept that he falsely links to others whom he believes to be politically undesirable.

As Caplan earlier suggested about Fried's legal writings, the methodol-

Mr. Nelson currently practices law in Cincinnati. He has served as associate counsel to President Bush, and during the Reagan Administration he worked in the Justice Department as deputy assistant attorney general for the Office of Legal Policy.

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ogy here is somewhat suspect. In support of his proposition that the Meese Justice Department subscribed to the fallacy of specific intent, Fried cites without quotation an Office of Legal Policy report that in fact took quite the opposite view. OLP's analytical approach, widely shared within the Department, was as follows: "The intent to be given effect is the objective intent as expressed in the words of the law being construed. Our fundamental law is the text of the Constitution as ratified, not the subjective intent or purpose of any individual or group in adopting the provision at issue."

Fried is similarly shameless in his misrepresentation of Judge Bork, stating at one point that the latter's interpretative method "probably" would mean reversing the landmark *Brown* v. *Board of Education* school-desegregation decision. Fried nowhere acknowledges that Bork has repeatedly explained that "the result in *Brown* is consistent with, indeed is compelled by, the original understanding of the Fourteenth Amendment's equal-protection clause . . . since equality and segregation were mutually inconsistent, though the ratifiers did not understand that, both could not be honored . . . equality, not separation, was written into the text."

Significantly, Fried spends much more time deriding views no one really holds than he does explaining his own theory of constitutional interpretation. One even begins to suspect that his confusion in this area may be more real than feigned. First, he argues that "the power a judge holds over us is lent on very precise terms: the laws themselves are the terms of that loan. If the judge exercises power contrary to those terms, he is an embezzler." Seven pages later, arguing for a theory based on analogy from court precedent rather than on constitutional or statutory text, he then reveals that "I used to tease the lawyers in my office that the ideal SG's brief would have not one word that is not in quotation marks and attributed to some prior Supreme Court opinion."

Ultimately, he seems to prefer a "vision" of constitutional law based on "extrapolation" not only from text and history but also from "what was dreamed of by those who inspired" our fundamental charter. This intriguing dream-analysis method of interpretation (looking not to specific intent so much as to specific subconscious) alas is not further described.

The book's three chapters on substantive law—dealing with privacy issues, race, and divided governmental powers—do little to explain the author's interpretative vision. Fried assures his readers that he adopts the now mandatory belief in a far-reaching and general constitutional right to privacy, albeit one that does not extend necessarily to protect abortion. (His principal quarrel with *Roe* lies in its "moral inadequacy"; to him, the "constitutional problem with abortion" turns less on constitutional text than "on whether the life of an innocent person is at stake.") And he argues vigorously for removing government from the racial "preference business."

Odd passages occur throughout *Order & Law*. Mr. Fried writes that the Reagan Administration's "apparent obsession" with abortion somehow polarized discussions of race and separation of powers, as though the two latter issues would have engendered no controversy on their own. He asserts that among the attorney general's assistants were unnamed individuals who sought to revive the *Lochner* v. *New York* school of substantive due process—a most surprising claim in the light of the Justice Department's consistent criticisms of the *Lochner* case.

Fried does describe Ed Meese as intelligent, engaged, and intellectually curious (a quite forthright depiction in the context of this book), but quickly retreats to the conventional demonology of the Department Meese ran: "I remember our weekend conference on federalism at Williamsburg. The discussion was serious and interesting. The presence of outside scholars made it hard to think of this as a cabal. Yet a subtle menace hung in the air." Mr. Fried survived that dangerous conference, of course, and lived to pursue other endeavors.

On the whole, *Order & Law* probably will not appease critics of the Lincoln Caplan stripe. Nor will it satisfy those who may be nearer to Mr. Fried's own views, largely defined. Caplan may have come close to the mark in 1987, quoting a knowledgeable lawyer: "Charles sees himself as a consensus-builder. He thinks he hammers out deals that make everyone happy. The problem is they leave no one happy." *Order & Law* is consistent with that description. □

Her Majesty's Guest

G. GORDON LIDDY

Nothing to Declare, by Taki (Atlantic Monthly Press, 228 pp., $18.95)

NOTHING TO DECLARE has, in fact, considerable to declare. Employing the vehicle of a memoir of a brief stay in prison, Taki gives us a mini-autobiography that not only relates his life, but also examines and reflects upon it.

Born to wealth as the son of a Greek shipowner and industrialist, Taki Theodoracopulos (he long ago dropped the surname from his byline) was also endowed at birth with intelligence and talent. He proceeded apace to waste all three in the company of others of the well-known rich, and would have been lost but for two saving graces—standards and a need to achieve, coupled with the delayed onset of adulthood. That led him to writing and, like the rest of us, Taki wrote about what he knew best—which turned out to be his friends and acquaintances; of interest to us for two reasons: who they were and the devilishly clever honesty of what he had to say about them.

In this memoir Taki ranges further to engage issues, and confirms the assertion of the *Financial Times* that he is a moralist writing essays under the guise of gossip. Hear him on Hollywood: "If in a thousand years' time sociologists and anthropologists unearth the reasons for Western culture having taken a nosedive somewhere during the second half of the twentieth century, Hollywood will finally receive

Mr. Liddy served nearly five years in prison, including 106 days of solitary confinement, for his role in Watergate. He is the author of Will, *an autobiography, and two novels, most recently* The Monkey Handlers *(St. Martin's Press).*

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the historical and cultural recognition it well deserves."

On welfare: "Blacks, especially in America, have been sandbagged by the welfare programs of Johnson's Great Society, programs which have led to the paralysis of the underclass, to their sloth, dependency, and self-contempt, as well as to poverty pimps."

On criminal justice: "My view was, and still remains, that the liberal experiment of throwing restraint to the wind, of blaming society for the crimes committed by habitual criminals, of coddling the perpetrators, resulted in an even bigger failure than Communism."

A SOCIAL CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO HER MAJESTY'S PRISONS

I WAS sitting with a couple of swells in one of those London clubs that are full during working hours but empty when the few toilers who are members leave their offices, when the news of Michael Milken's conviction came over the Telex wire. (The Turf Club adamantly refuses to purchase a fax machine, and only acquired a Telex during the extravagant Eighties.) I must admit that even in the state gentlemen of leisure usually are in at that postprandial hour, we were stunned. "Ten years is a hell of a time to spend indoors for being three steps ahead of everybody else," was the way one of my companions put it.

"Ah, but he's bound to go to a country club," said James Spencer Churchill, Marquis of Blandford and son of the Duke of Marlborough, "unlike us poor dopes." He looked at me and smiled knowingly, and I smiled back. Fraud, you see, means an open prison in England, and both Jamie and I had done time for drugs, which means hard time in that uptight little island. (What happened was that about six years ago I was dumb enough to go through customs at Heathrow Airport with a few grams of happy dust on my person. When an eagle-eyed officer spotted an envelope about to fall out of my rear trouser pocket and warned me about it, I made an even dumber move. "If only you knew what is in it," I joked, a Taki remark that landed me in the slammer for the next four months.)

Milken would have been far better off had he committed his alleged offenses across the Atlantic. Our older British cousins are wiser than we are where crime is concerned. They send violent offenders to do time among violent people, and nonviolent ones to pay their debt to society among the nonviolent—an important distinction reflecting the greater damage done to society by violent crime. "When was the last time you were afraid to go out at night in case you were embezzled?" was the way Madsen Pirie put it during a recent debate on "crime in the suites."

Doing time in Britain is euphemistically known as being her Majesty's guest. The place to do it is Ford, a pastoral jail in the rolling Sussex hills known as "the fraudsters' nick." Ford has been described as a social climber's dream, the kind of spot where "victims of society" meet and mingle with Society, an open prison—a dorm, in reality—where upper-crust inmates go to their stately piles on weekends, and where one is likely to be billeted with the son of a duke.

As I write this, the second richest man in England, Gerald Ronson, is at Ford for his part in the Guinness Affair. With him inside are Ernest Saunders, onetime Guinness chairman, and Anthony Parnes, once London's highest-earning stockbroker. The charges were that Saunders used shareholders' funds to pay off friends who were assisting him to rig the market to defeat his rivals in a great takeover battle. But since the intention and effect of his rigging was to raise the price of Guinness shares, this was the first theft in history in which the victims ended up richer than the thief.

Ford is known for having the best soccer team in the prison league. George Best, who twenty years ago was the Joe Montana of British football, is a Ford alumnus. I met Best in Pentonville, a medieval jail, where he had been sent for beating up a policeman and a bailiff who had come around to his house to collect some of the debts Georgie had piled up. We got along fine, but once the powers that be at Ford heard about him they pulled strings and off he went.

Ford does not cater only to millionaires and sports stars. The chief constable of Essex was a model prisoner there, as was Nigel Pollitzer, a rich Londoner who was once unofficially engaged to Caroline of Monaco, and also happens to be the Duchess of York's best friend. Pollitzer once rang me up and asked me whether I was willing to smuggle something in for him while on a visit. When I reluctantly agreed, he asked me for some suntan lotion. And Keith Best (no relation to George), a Conservative MP who served a short sentence for multiple-share applications, insists he got more fresh air and sleep while inside Ford than he ever had out of it.

Most prisons have a strict hierarchy, with bank robbers at the top. (At the bottom are child molesters.) The hierarchy at Ford is non-existent, white-collar criminals being notoriously egalitarian. Even Gerald Ronson, with his billion-dollar purse, does not lord it over mere millionaires. This is not the case in other prisons. The Marquis of Blandford was one of the least-liked inmates in Pentonville. Jamie apparently overused his posh accent and his title while inside. He was beaten up and shunned by the higher-ups.

Another marquis who did hard time recently was the Marquis of Bristol, in the Isle of Wight jail for two years for drug possession. On visiting days his butler would arrive by helicopter bringing him the latest gossip from outside. When asked by a reporter what his thoughts were as he was about to go to prison, Bristol answered: "Well, it's been a disastrous year. First of all the weather on the Riviera was ghastly. Then my Rolls broke down. My best friend fell down the stairs of my house and was killed. And now this."

Bristol may have his priorities all wrong, but no one will deny his truthfulness. Last autumn he was thrown out of Australia when it was discovered that he had failed to mention his prison record in his visa application. His excuse? "In view of the fact all Australians descend from convicts, I didn't think it necessary."

Be that as it may, prison was a good lesson. I no longer think laws were made exclusively for others. If I believed in rehabilitation, I might even claim to be rehabilitated. But despite all the nobs you'll meet, I wouldn't recommend prison for social climbing. There are easier ways. —TAKI

Taki was NR*'s Vietnam correspondent in the early Seventies and now writes a weekly column for* The Spectator.

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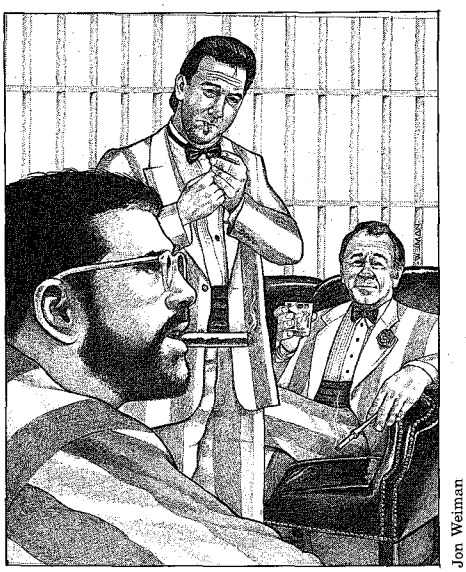
On Jane Fonda: "I shall never forgive nor forget what Jane Fonda and some of her cohorts did when they flew to Hanoi and called the American pilots held nearby 'war criminals.' The act was unspeakable, worse than treason, a tawdry publicity stunt, and an inhuman one at that."

There is much more on subjects as disparate as street fighting and romantic love, by a man whose faults do not include indecision, all woven into a seamless whole by someone who could never be accused of having a shy and retiring personality.

And when Taki gazes inward, he does not spare himself that same honesty and unambiguous expression. He blew a large part of his life, and he candidly tells us how. He ended up in prison for being so foolish as to indulge in drug abuse and attempt to smuggle cocaine into the UK. Both were self-destructive behavior and he admits it. He does *not* admit that the abuse of alcohol, a long-standing practice in which he seems to take pride, does far more damage to individuals, families, and society than cocaine and heroin combined. He will use the phrase "legendary drinker," and can't wait to tell us that on a given (frequent) occasion, he and a friend were "wrecked," etc., as if that were some sort of achievement. It isn't, and his failure to recognize that reminds us that he has, as we all do, a way to go on the road to perfection.

But the central virtue of *Nothing to Declare* is that Taki doesn't miss much. While one may be tempted to dismiss the substance of memoirs based upon a mere 77 days in prison, that would be a mistake in this case. First, Taki refused to rat and spent what time he did in a real prison, not some minimum-security camp *à la* number-two stool pigeon Ivan Boesky (to John Dean's number one). Second, he observed, reflected, and recorded his experiences in a diary as they happened. His writing conveys to anyone who has been there the sight, sound, feel, and stench of the microcosm that is prison, along with an accurate delineation of its mores and social structure. It all rings true—with one exception. Taki wasn't in long enough to realize that there are *no* good screws. They are all the enemy and are best understood and treated as such by a prudent prisoner.

One other point which Taki, as a



Jon Weiman

member of our fraternity of ex-cons, ought to watch is the use of the word "inmate" to define those confined in prison. The correct usage is "prisoner" or "convict," and in a real joint adopting the euphemistic language of Chuck Colson and other do-gooders of this world can engender a suspicion hazardous to one's health.

Prison life certainly did not dull the lance with which Taki skewers an assortment of those he considers fools and phonies, ranging from John Gutfreund, chairman of Salomon Brothers, all the way down to Phil Donahue. I won't spoil the prospective reader's enjoyment by repeating any of these delights, but believe me, they are on a par with the late Bea Lillie's rejoinder to the daughter of a meat-packing magnate who objected when her hairdressing appointment was delayed because Miss Lillie's hair was not yet finished: "You may tell the butcher's daughter that Lady Peel is leaving now."

Good people, such as Renata Adler, are also included, their best qualities summed up in a few deft lines, and there is compassion shown: the tendency of one essentially decent young man of my acquaintance, who appears in this book, from time to time to test-ride a high horse goes mercifully unremarked.

One surmises that English was not the first language of someone born in Greece. It is understandable, therefore, that he commits certain small lapses such as the misuse of "myself" for "me," the substitution of "try and" for "try to," the occasional jarring "ain't," and so forth. What is not understandable is the non-performance of the copy editor.

Such quibbles aside, what we have here is a rite of passage, written well. Taki has produced a little gem. Like all real stones it has its tiny flaws, but that just proves it's natural; it is a jewel nevertheless. □

Neither One Thing nor the Other

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Ford Madox Ford, by Alan Judd (Harvard University Press, 476 pp., $27.50)

'FORD HAD a vast and dismal studio. . . . He was a great fat Englishman . . . [who] took into his house a series of mediocre and respectable women who took care of him and were all called Mrs. Ford . . . a vast room badly heated by a very small oil stove and furnished with all sorts of uncomfortable chairs and day beds, most of them too far from the stove to be reached by its faint glow . . . making conversation with Ford, who for some occult reason fancied himself a lady-killer, but in spite of this was witty in the best manner of the English and really fun to talk to. Around me was greatness and fame . . . the Hemingways, the F. Scott Fitzgeralds, the Archie MacLeishes."

This account, by Mary Blomfield, of a visit to the English novelist Ford Madox Ford in his Paris flat in 1926 captures (perhaps unwittingly) a good deal of the famous Fordian essence. Ford's appearance; his women; his lifelong penury; his erudition; his charm; his shabby majesty—all are suggested. In a life that lasted not quite 66 years he wrote 81 books and better than four hundred articles; but the books almost never sold well (many of

Mr. Williamson, senior editor for books with Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture, *is the author most recently of* The Homestead *(Grove Weidenfeld).*

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them hardly at all), critical acclaim was not widely forthcoming (painful for a serious artist who was a personal friend of Henry James, Joseph Conrad, and Ezra Pound, and who "discovered" D. H. Lawrence), and the author himself remained for most if not all of his life profoundly uncertain of his own genius.

On the other hand, as editor first of the *English Review* (in London before the First World War) and later of the *Transatlantic Review* (in Paris in the middle Twenties) he created a large reputation as an unparalleled literary impresario; while his finest novels were quietly recognized by the discriminating few to be major contributions to English letters. Also, what appreciation he failed to win from his literary contemporaries was compensated for by the admiration of women, who adored him. He had a wife and three "wives." The wife, Elsie, went to her grave nearly ten years after the death of her husband, still bearing proudly the name he had surrendered thirty years before. (In 1919, Ford had his surname legally changed from Hueffer to Ford, avowedly to escape the anti-German bias of the period; perhaps also, as Judd suspects, to permit his "wives" to style themselves "Mrs." without facing lawsuits from Elsie, such as the one she launched against Violet Hunt.) He was received into the Roman Catholic Church at the age of 18, and spent the rest of his life as what Judd calls "a kind of Catholic, or agnostic, or Catholic-agnostic—what he would have said would have depended upon his audience and when he was speaking."

As many of the reviewers of the English edition of *Ford Madox Ford*, and some of the advance readers of the American one, have observed, Judd's biography is attractively impressionistic and non-academic. "I wanted," Judd says, "to write a book in which the spirit of its subject could be at ease," and in this he has largely succeeded despite certain obliquities and instances of vagueness, which diminish as the book proceeds.

Ford, Judd writes, "was in origin and early literary influences a man of the nineteenth century, a Victorian and a Pre-Raphaelite whose achievement it was to grow from that into a properly twentieth-century writer." As with the writer, so with the man. The young bohemian of Romney Marsh, Kent, whom the local peasantry called "Frenchy" behind his back, left forty years later, when he died in the arms of his mistress, only a little furniture, a few clothes, and scarcely any cash; the older bohemian was as well a patriot and a self-described "hard-shelled Tory," who at the age of 41 had taken a commission in the British Army and been shell-shocked behind the lines in France.

Judd describes him as having served

RIGHT BOOKS

■ Before the late Sixties, conservative intellectuals were commonly regarded as an obscure fringe group. They fiercely contested the great issues among themselves, but attracted little "mainstream" attention.

The same debates continue, but more publicly. Restraint of government is considered an essential element of conservative philosophy, yet one of conservatism's most visible spokesmen, George Will, does not strongly object to the size of the government but only to its failure to uphold moral virtue.

There are those like Wm. F. Buckley Jr. who share Milton Friedman's distrust of the state and his belief that economic freedom is vital to a just society: whatever projects the state undertakes, however well motivated, are likely to go wrong and discourage the moral energies of free men. And then there are those such as Irving Kristol who frown upon defenses of what they consider a callous capitalism.

In *Watch on the Right: Conservative Intellectuals in the Reagan Era* (University of Wisconsin, 333 pp., $24.95), J. David Hoeveler Jr. has a go at sorting out the many versions of conservatism and their spokesmen: Buckley, Will, Kristol, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Hilton Kramer, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Michael Novak, Robert Nisbet.

Notwithstanding some differences, writes Mr. Hoeveler, they all share a common intuition: that Western civilization is winding down, sapped of its self-confidence. Mr. Buckley recoils, Mr. Hoeveler observes, "from the agnostic temperament of liberalism, the disdain for permanent truths, its disrespect for the national orthodoxy . . ." The Left, Robert Nisbet writes, has become "a celebration of bureaucracy." Society has "grown hollow and meaningless," writes Mr. Hoeveler, interpreting Michael Novak, "depriving Americans of the bonds of fellowship, family, and tribal affiliations." And the Left's prevailing dogma, Mr. Will writes, has become the "politics of the pleasure principle."

The refrain goes back to Whittaker Chambers and even earlier, but as the depressing evidence mounts conservatives react differently, as Mr. Hoeveler demonstrates. His judicious summaries show a thorough understanding of his subjects—although one could take issue with certain classifications. Is Mr. Tyrrell really an intellectual leader or just an eccentric and occasionally entertaining wordsmith?

Perhaps most interesting are Hoeveler's efforts to trace his subjects' intellectual dispositions to their sources: Kristol's anti-Communism to his animosity toward fellow-travelers among New York's WASPish intellectual elite; Jeane Kirkpatrick's foreign policy to a keen knowledge of political philosophy, which led her to cringe at an "anti-bourgeois" America losing its international poise by embracing a utopian world view and ignoring the moral inequalities between, say, Brezhnev's Soviet Union and Pinochet's Chile.

In the end, Hoeveler recognizes, conservatism has its source not in history but in human nature. Its intellectual forebear may have been Edmund Burke, who perceived the sinister consequences of the French Revolution. But long before Burke, others had cautioned against man's capacity for justifying the worst enormities in the name of the most beautiful ideals.

It's funny, though, that a book subtitled "Conservative Intellectuals in the Reagan Era" should say almost nothing of Ronald Reagan. As NATIONAL REVIEW launched itself in order to stand "athwart history yelling Stop," Reagan had a similar agenda in the political arena. Yet though he had substantial triumphs, he failed to dismantle the Leviathan central government; in fact, he swelled it. And liberalism marches on. Conservative intellectuals, however, are no longer hidden in obscurity.

—GEOFFREY MORRIS

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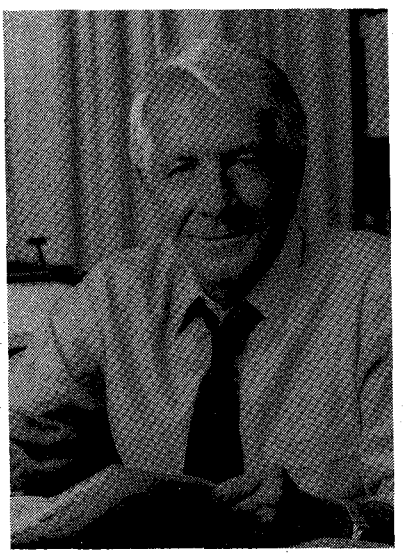

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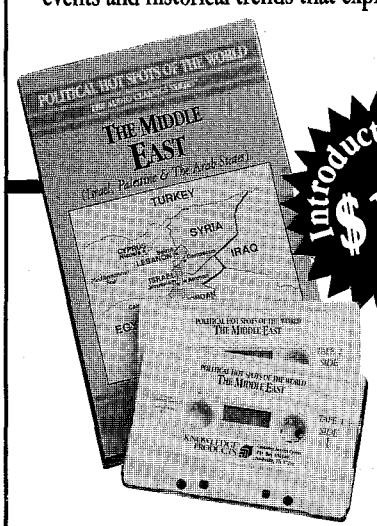

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in the 1920s as a "bridge" between the young literary radicals and the tradition they thought they were opposing, but he accomplished this feat only by "extending" the tradition itself. As a mature man and artist, he was indeed a modernist, but he never became the compleat modernist—and that is the key to all his trials and tribulations, personal as well as professional. Whether as a British citizen or as a citizen of that Republic of Letters he so admired, he never quite fit either the mold whose fashion and influence was immediately past, or the one whose day had just arrived.

That inability or disinclination (or both) to be one thing or the other made him seem an unformed personality to many of his contemporaries, and ruined his chances for the kind of intense—though often relatively narrow—popularity that more easily attaches itself to less indefinable artists. It was also the alembic of his genius and the source of his greatness as a writer. In spite of the literary precepts formulated by himself and Conrad early in their friendship, he was never the theoretical artist, but always the eclectic one. He never wrote his *Ulysses* or his *In Our Time*, let alone his *Finnegans Wake*; what theories he did have he never pressed to their extremes.

As a prose writer, he strove for what he described as "a combination of impressionism and narration whose technical virtuosity is belied by the apparent ease with which the book flows." His modernism never stretched into experimentalism, and his unspoken motto was not "Make it new" but, more simply and honorably, "Make it good." He belonged to no literary school and founded none; he believed that literary tastes run in cycles; and he thought of great literary works and their creators, of no matter what place and period, as being always contemporary. He encountered numerous literary styles and traditions in the course of an intensely bibliophilic life, and seems to have borrowed quite naturally and unselfconsciously from them what he needed to bring whatever was his current project to fruition.

This method, not the perfervid determination to create something "new" and "revolutionary," is the almost secret engine of literary, and indeed of all, artistic progress. It is also the quiet and untiring engine, of modest design but great power, that produced within a period of 13 years (1913–1926) four great novels of modern British literature. They are *The Good Soldier* and the first three volumes of the Tietjens tetralogy—*Some Do Not*, *No More Parades*, and *A Man Could Stand Up*. In these books Ford Madox Ford accomplished, beyond all possible doubt, what he himself must have recognized ultimately as "the real right thing." □

ART

One with Nineveh and Tyre

JAMES GARDNER

And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Baghdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old.
—Tennyson, "Recollections of the Arabian Nights"

LIKE Hitler before him, Saddam Hussein is, after his fashion, an artist and an aesthete. Since his accession to the purple in 1979, he has led his people in a choreographed *Gesamtkunstwerk* of light and sound, folkloric costumes and overblown mythology, in which each Iraqi, no matter how humble, has played a part. We can only hope that we are finally witnessing a *Götterdämmerung* in which the whole baseless structure will come crashing down into the waters, not of the Rhine, but of the Tigris.

Surely the spectacle of stupidity on so massive a scale is deeply saddening to anyone touched by the philosophic mood. What percentage of Iraqis are true believers in the Baathist pseudodoxy is not yet known, though it soon may be. What is almost certain is that their obedience to this bad actor and insipid artist, this catastrophically inept general, is not proof of their misconduct so much as it is part of a larger affliction from which they, more than anyone else, have suffered. Lewis Mumford was right to insist that man is a dreamer before he is a tool-user. The recent events in Iraq show up the poverty of the materialist view of things more emphatically even than that other regional production of *Götterdämmerung* that is being staged in the Soviet Union. In defiance and denial of the most importunate material adversity, the Iraqis showed no signs of disowning their Great Director. It was only when reality ruptured their reveries that they began to turn on him with the passion of hatred, not for his having been proved wrong, but for his having been the reason that they were awakened in the first place.

One suspects that Saddam, like Hitler, was caused less by cultural circumstances than by a malign conjunction of chromosomes. But the circumstances of his life have provided his manias with their local habitations and their names. Like Hitler, he is an avid historicist. He understands that the coordinates of a people's collective mentality extend not only along the longitudes and latitudes of maps, but far back into time as well.

The past is everywhere multi-layered and ambiguous. But nowhere is it more so than in the Fertile Crescent, where a complex and various tangle of civilizations has succeeded, one after another, from the days of the neolithic urban revolution, through the Romans and the rise of Islam, through the Ottomans and the British, all the way up to OPEC. A hundred million half-digested, ill-conceived impressions and traditional ideas crowd in upon the minds of present-day Iraqis, and Saddam's success, to the extent that he has reflected the people's will, has been in exploiting these associations.

When Saddam spoke of "the mother of all battles," he was invoking the melee at Qadisiyyah in 637, when Islamic armies, swelling out of the Arabian peninsula, effectively conquered the Persian Empire. The Iraqi in the street was expected to see and to be inspired by an analogy, by no means self-evident, between that inaugural moment in the ascendancy of Islam and the then-still-to-be-fought war in the Persian Gulf. In a similar spirit, one of Saddam's pet projects has been the rebuilding of ancient Babylon. In

Mr. Gardner reviews art for NR *and* Commentary.

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RAY BOREN, *Salt Lake City Desert News*

William F. Buckley, Jr.

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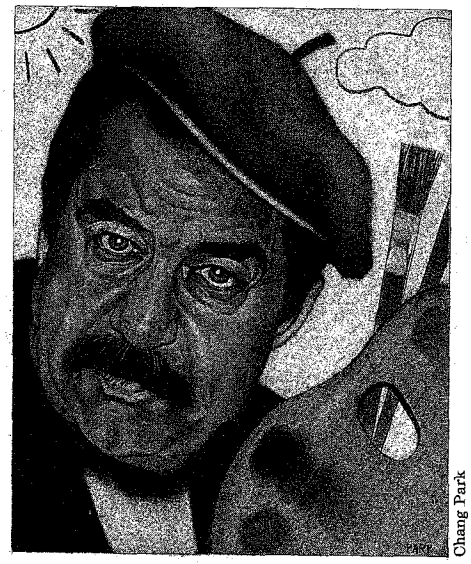
pursuit of this goal, he has inscribed millions of bricks with the words, "The Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar was reconstructed in the era of Saddam Hussein." Nebuchadnezzar, be it remembered, is best known as the destroyer of Jerusalem.

But the closest analogy that suggests itself between Saddam's present and the region's past lies elsewhere than in Babylon or the early days of Islam. What did Saddam think he was doing when he spoke of unleashing rivers of American blood, raising up mountains of the skulls of fallen GIs? What part of the cerebral cortex of the Iraqi on the street was being prodded by such grim and truculent words? Saddam was reaching far back into the pre-Islamic past, beyond the Sassanids, beyond the Achaemenians and the Chaldees, to those bloody-minded Assyrians whose capital, Nineveh, stood some two hundred miles upriver from modern Baghdad.

It is instructive, in this connection, to walk among the Assyrian bas-reliefs in London's British Museum, as I did only a few days after the end of hostilities in the Gulf. Bas-reliefs are rarely as demonstratively dramatic as sculpture in the round, and there is something almost pretty about these yards and yards of elaborately fashioned granite. And yet, in the history of human artifice, I think there is no culture as consistently, as determinately violent as the one that brought about the friezes for the palaces at Nineveh and Nimrud. In a depiction of the battle of Til-Tuba, the armies of Ashurbanipal are seen driving the Elamites into a river. The carcasses of hundreds of horses and men, riddled with spears and arrows, lie everywhere. It is a very industry of death, destruction, and enslavement.

Yet, as art, the bas-reliefs of Assyria are always good and sometimes great, as the art and the culture of Saddam's Iraq can never be great, any more than the art and culture of Nazi Germany could be. Reading Samir al-Khalil's *The Monument: Art, Vulgarity, and Responsibility in Iraq*, one realizes that the cultural dimensions of Saddam's regime are wrong from the start. The Victory Arch, the Unknown Soldier Monument, and the Shat-al-Arab sculpture park not only represent an ungainly parody of earlier styles: their posturings are false and evasive, with none of the author-



Chang Park

itarian directness that gives to the art of Assyria its awful, inscrutable integrity.

By chance, both on the day the air war started against Iraq and on the day six weeks later when the land war ended, I was visiting the Mesopotamian and Islamic galleries in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The guards had been instructed to be on the lookout for any would-be vandals or terrorists. But the galleries, which are rarely crowded, were empty. I was free to wander alone through the crimson-cushioned chamber of Nuradin, echoing with the water of its inlaid jasper fountain, to pass amid the ruins of Nishapur and through the gates of Ashurnasirpal's Palace at Nimrud, flanked by a pair of human-headed, winged lions. Nothing could seem further removed from the unfolding crisis in the Gulf.

Yet already that may be changing. Nowadays, when we study German antiquities, we have to exert all of our historical intelligence not to see the threads of Nazism stretching back all the way to Arminius and the Hohenstaufens. It is likewise inevitable that the entire past of the Iraqi theater will soon be combed for analogues to Saddam. This, too, is something that we must resist. As we would be wrong to sacrifice the future to the interests of the present, so we must not allow the past to take infection from the calamities of the passing moment. It is possible to pollute the past, just as Saddam has polluted the Persian Gulf. The collective past of humanity has far too great a stake in the region between the Tigris and the Euphrates that we should ever tamely allow this to happen. □

SOUND ON DISC

Mozart's Papas

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

REMARKING ON the critical commentary during the centenary of Mozart's death, George Bernard Shaw wrote, "Bless me! What nonsense!" Now, with the bicentenary upon us, the critics are repeating history. Some have discovered a "demonic" Mozart; others the disturbed and crude adolescent of *Amadeus* and its distorted dramatics; whereas still others find a musical revolutionary, throwing a Romantic Molotov cocktail at classicism. Yet it in no way minimizes Mozart's astonishing and inexplicable genius that he was the last in a progression to which Haydn had made the greatest contributions, with the modest and inaccurate disclaimer, "I am not the best of my school, though I was the first."

The outpouring of Mozartiana this year—New York's Lincoln Center is stupefyingly running the gamut of all Mozart's known works—has fortunately also focused on "Papa" Haydn. Hadyn's steady residence in the concert halls goes back to the mid 1940s, in part through the dedicated efforts of the conductor Bruno Walter. It is only recently, however, that the easy affirmation of Mozart's superiority over a composer who was writing maturely at the time of Mozart's birth and continued to do so after his death in 1791 has been challenged. Haydn's earlier symphonies, written when Mozart was seven or eight, were truly innovative and pioneering—harmonically, structurally, and in their casual disregard of the sonata form which is presumed to be the key to the classical tradi-

Mr. Toledano, a longtime NR *contributor, is a syndicated columnist. He is currently at work on his autobiography.*

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tion of his time. The young Mozart accepted these innovations, but never achieved the power and depth of Haydn's style. The core emotion of the older man gave way to Mozart's poignancies, which lacked the dynamic and thematic dialectics embedded in Haydn's music.

One can theorize that Wolfgang sprang fully tuned from the brow of his father, Leopold. Certainly a reading of his letters—particularly those addressed to Leopold and to his *carissima sorella*—makes clear his intellectual and musical debt to Leopold, as well as his respect. This is apparent from his earliest compositions such as *Bastien und Bastienne*, a *Singspiel* written when he was 11 in full Mozartian voice, and now available in a charming and felicitous performance by Raymond Leppard, the Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra, and soloists Edita Gruberová, Vinson Cole, and Laszlo Polgar (Sony SK 45855). No amount of precocity could have achieved the facile reflection of the time's *ars musica* without the dominant influence of Leopold Mozart. The most wonderful of *Wunderkinder*, he strode into composition with no childish lisp.

The spate of Mozart Year issues and reissues on CD brings seven of the piano concertos played by the late Edwin Fischer, with orchestras variously led by the soloist and by Lawrance Collingwood, John Barbirolli, and Josef Krips (Angel EMI CHS 7637192). It also brings the historic Benny Goodman/Budapest String Quartet recording of the great Clarinet Quintet in A Major (Angel EMI CDH 7636972).

Mozart was an accomplished violinist and wrote empathetically for the instrument. But his virtuosity on the piano was greater, and to me the piano works—the concertos as well as the unaccompanied pieces—are perhaps the best of his compositions.

The Fischer recordings of Nos. 10, 11, 17, 20, 22, 24, and 25—most of them concert war horses—sum up the pluses and minuses of a style of Mozart interpretation which has been supplanted by the researches of the original-instruments movement and the work of pianists like Paul Badura-Skoda. Fischer could elicit the most subtle tonal nuances from the modern piano, as well as a silken *legato*. In concert and on these recordings, he followed his own bent, capriciously and sometimes haphazardly straying far from what the scores would seem to tell us, and following a fancy more Romantic than Mozartian. Yet in this, there is a certain charm, though what we delight in is Fischer and not Mozart.

The Clarinet Quintet, from its lovely opening theme, is one of Mozart's more engaging works, setting the fluidity of woodwind against the greater discipline of strings. When Benny Goodman recorded it in 1938, many critics threw up their hands in horror at the sacrilege of a jazz musician sitting down with the Budapest. Yet no matter what he was playing—a killer-diller, Mozart, or Bartók—Goodman was a master of his instrument and a fine musician as well.

In later performances, he had rid himself of a slight self-consciousness and was no longer fearful of letting the more limpid jazz vibrato enter into his playing. But in this recording we hear an occasional harshness, contrasting with the Budapest's impeccable polish. It is not the greatest Clarinet Quintet, but it is very fine indeed—and it set in motion a revolving door between the bandstand and the conservatory, benefitting both.

The last of Mozart's string quartets—No. 22 in B flat major (K 589) and No. 23 in F major (K 590)—reinforce my argument of the basic unity of Mozart's *oeuvre* (Angel EMI CDC 499712). They show more introspection and a greater understanding of the means at hand, but they repeatedly paraphrase themes and emotions, phrases and figures of past work. Nonetheless, they are more sturdily cast and perhaps show something of what his early death foreclosed. And as in everything he touched, there is graciousness and lyricism and a sense of the dance—and this is enhanced by the Alban Berg Quartet, as fine in its Mozart interpretations as you will hear today.

But having said all of this, I return to Papa Haydn and the nine symphonies he wrote in the years of 1764–65—works richer in harmony, thematic invention, and emotional scope than what someone once called the *va*

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pensiero joys and melancholies of Mozart. In his misnamed *Sturm und Drang* period, Haydn gave more body to his symphonies. In the London symphonies, written when he had freed himself from the semi-servitor status he had endured in Esterház, and enjoyed the adulation and the respect of English audiences, his work took on an added dignity which made him the apotheosis of a musical tradition. These nine symphonies, in a recording on original instruments by Christopher Hogwood and the Academy of Ancient Music, give us more clearly the inner voices which are so frequently lost by the sweep of the modern orchestra (Oiseau Lyre 430 082-2). Except in Symphony No. 21, where Hogwood hits the downbeat too strenuously—Lully pounding with a stick?—this is excellent Haydn and belongs in any collection not inundated by the Mozart bicentenary. □

FILM

O Rare Mister Johnson

JOHN SIMON

BRUCE BERESFORD's ***Mister Johnson***, from Joyce Cary's novel, was favorably reviewed on the whole, but not in a way to send people racing to the box office. When I saw it a second time, I was one of four people in the theater. Too bad, because *Mister Johnson* is a work of genius.

I regret not having read the novel, but, knowing Cary's work, I have no doubt that it is a major achievement. And knowing Bruce Beresford, I have no doubt that he and his screenwriter, the novelist William Boyd, were faithful to Cary's spirit and, wherever possible, letter. Beresford is occasionally obliged to make a predominantly commercial movie, and acquits himself honorably. But he is incomparable when he gets hold of a story that really gets hold of him, and he works, as an artist should, primarily to please himself. Such films, from his Australian days, were *The Gaining of Wisdom*, *Don's Party*, and the magisterial *Breaker Morant*: such, in America, were *Tender Mercies* and *Driving Miss Daisy*. There are also virtually unknown films of his, such as the haunting *The Fringe Dwellers*, about Australian aborigines in a white culture, which American audiences, white and black, completely ignored.

Such may yet be the utterly unwarranted fate of *Mister Johnson*, which also deals with the clash of two cultures, black and white, only this time in Nigeria. Cary's 1939 novel was based on his African experiences. It is the often comic tragedy of Mister Johnson, a mission-school-educated African who thinks of himself as English, and who, by not fitting in anywhere, perishes. But what is so beautiful and moving is that Johnson's failure is not seen as a mere part of the clash of black and white, but as the problem of any dreamer and schemer crushed by his own ambitions as much as by his environment.

Moreover, this is also the near-tragedy of Harry Rudbeck, the British district officer who, as Johnson's employer, in many ways benefited from his chief clerk, yet, in the end, had to become his executioner. Such, however, is the irony and complexity of the work that, although it is tragic, it is also full of astute and sovereign humor, and bristles with insights into colonialism, progress, civilization that provide everything save easy answers; in fact, they are those nagging uncertainties—or profound aporias—with which Platonic dialogues end, and which constitute the sobering glory of the Socratic method.

Mister Johnson—even his not having a first name but being called either, by his aspirations, Mister, or, by his job, Clerk, makes a strong point—is the quintessential misfit. Because he has had some education from the missionaries and speaks something closer to English than the prevailing pidgin, he sees himself as an Englishman, though he never set foot outside Africa. (And, speaking of foot, his relationship to his one pair of English shoes is one of the sublime leitmotifs of the film.) He is equally distant from

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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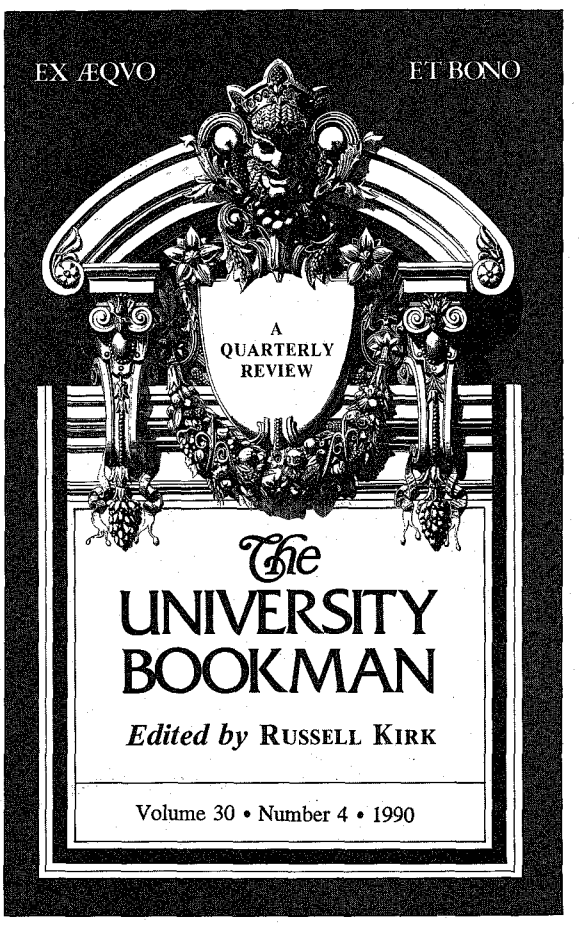
the tribes working the land, to whom his beautiful wife, Bamu, belongs, as from the native rulers, such as the Muslim emir and his oily deputy, the waziri. Nor is he accepted as one of the British, either by the good-natured district officer, Harry Rudbeck, who is trying, with inadequate finances, to build a road that would bring trade to Fada, this deep-sleepy outpost, or by Sargy Gollup, retired British sergeant and owner of the Fada general store, who despises the "nigs" but is, like Rudbeck, impressed by Johnson's intelligence and enterprise.

On his clerk's salary, Johnson, who likes to give parties and indulge himself and his friends in beer, cannot afford his fine village-girl wife. He lives with Bamu on a sort of installment plan, and her father and brother keep reclaiming her whenever Johnson, always in debt to everyone, cannot meet the latest payment. Even Bamu does not understand his living beyond his means and treating her so indulgently because, as he says, "In England, we do not beat our wives." Finally, though he loves his employer, Johnson agrees to spy on the district officer's secret correspondence with the emir for a fee from the corrupt waziri.

What is so shattering about the film is that it sees equally clearly the predicament of all the characters: the ambiguity of the British, doing good with one hand and bad with the other, the precariousness of the Nigerians with their ancient traditions and barbarous rulers—let us recall their active participation in the slave trade until the British at last put an end to it. Also the confusion surrounding Rudbeck's road, its shady financing unmasked by a British subaltern, Tring, as meticulous as he is loathsome. And how touching is Rudbeck's sweet young wife, Celia, who begins by hating Africa but ends up loving it, only to suffer dumbly as the road brings trouble to Fada and to Mister Johnson, who has been so good to her.

Beresford never spells out anything: he always ends a scene a bit sooner than another director would. Take the one where Harry gives Johnson a taste of the plum pudding his mother sent him from Hertfordshire. "Hertfordshire," Johnson mumbles munching the novelty, "one of the most beautiful villages back home." Then, as the taste sinks in, his expression becomes puzzled, disappointed. Two seconds,



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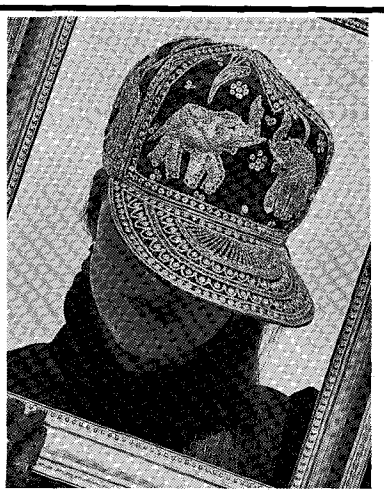

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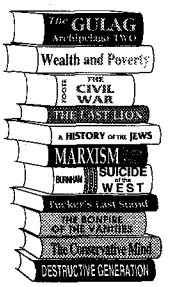

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and the camera moves on: we must be quick to keep up with the ambivalent moods and contradictory insights.

And when Beresford and his superb cinematographer, Peter James, show the gorgeousness of Africa—charcoal-grey nights with huge platinum moons suspended in them, sun-burnished days in which the world is orange shading into ecru—there is always something to cast doubt on the magnificence. Sometimes it is the ferocious hyenas straining against the leash by which they are led in a procession, sometimes it is the waziri's catamite

Alan Nahigian

sullenly defying his master's commands and blandishments, sometimes it is Sargy Gollup's comic-frightening condescension to the natives, sometimes it is a splendid jar left exposed to the inclemency of a rainy night.

Even the love and sex scenes between Harry and Celia restrainedly subserve the needs of characterization, and so does everyone's impeccable acting. As Johnson, Maynard Eziashi is a marvel of easeful authenticity, and his tragicomic last scenes should bite through the toughest of hearts. Hitherto only superior window dressing, Pierce Brosnan gives an ungainsayable performance as Harry Rudbeck; Beatie Edney is subdued yet splendid as Celia; Nick Reding icily scary as Tring; and Dennis Quilley on the button as a kindly but ineffectual superior officer. Several others, black and white, contribute memorably, but none more so than Femi Fatoba as the waziri, and Edward Woodward as Gollup—both ignoble, yet achingly human. Like Georges Delerue's unusually understated music, the film is subtle but pervasive; it makes unaccustomed demands on us, but repays them munificently. Please see it.

■ ***Impromptu*** must be the most pretentious, silliest, and inadvertently funniest film in years. Written by Sarah Kernochan, who once did well by the documentary *Marjoe*, but whose qualifications for dealing with Chopin, George Sand, and Musset seem to be zero, it was directed by her husband, James Lapine, Stephen Sondheim's fanciest librettist (*Sunday in the Park with George*, *Into the Woods*) and author of sophomoric plays with Jungian subtexts.

The plot is an absurd farandole leading up to the obligatory house party, the house being the chateau of the fictitious Duchesse d'Antan (well played by Emma Thompson), who belongs less in the Almanach de Gotha than in *Alice in Wonderland*. Sand (the Australian Judy Davis) virilely pursues a babyish Chopin (the British Hugh Grant), wimpy and twitty enough to constitute a sort of un-Polish joke. Musset (played by Mandy Patinkin as the egomaniacal American lout he is—the exact opposite of the effeminate, dandified poet) pursues his ex-mistress, Sand, as does another, even more brutish, suitor. Then there is Liszt (played listlessly and Anglo-Saxonly by Julian Sands), his mistress, Marie d'Agoult (enacted by a frowzy Bernadette Peters as a recycling of her witch from *Into the Woods*, only more slatternly yet), a colorless Delacroix (Ralph Brown, aptly named), and a Colonel Blimpish Duc d'Antan (Anton Rodgers).

These personages romp about amid stilted dialogue and amateurish direction in what is meant to be high comedy but emerges as juggernautish farce, trampling everyone and everything into the mud. As Sand barges in on Chopin, she ejaculates, "I am your slave, and you have summoned me with your music."

"Madame Sand," he responds, "I must ask you to leave my private quarters."

On another occasion, Sand—who is given to exclamations such as "Men! You're not fit to be men—morons, idiots!" (what oft was thought, but ne'er so ill expressed)—erupts into Chopin's presence with, "I only need a minute of your time, then I'll go," whereupon the composer replies, "Very well, I'll

(Continues on page 61)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 H	2 E	3 P		4 D	5 M	6 R		7 L	8 A		9 B	10 K	11 N	12 F	13 G	14 O	15 J	16 E		
17 A	18 H		19 M		20 D	21 L	22 G	23 P	24 A		25 R	26 H	27 K	28 O		29 F		30 B	31 C	
32 I	33 S	34 N	35 O	36 H		37 C	38 P		39 D	40 I	41 N	42 H	43 M	44 F		45 K	46 O	47 G	48 E	
49 A		50 D	51 P	52 S		53 R	54 Q	55 M	56 L		57 H	58 B	59 E	60 P	61 K	62 G	63 I		64 S	
65 R	66 I	67 F		68 E	69 C	70 N		71 J	72 L		73 O	74 H	75 R	76 M	77 K		78 E	79 H	80 B	
	81 G	82 S	83 A	84 F		85 D	86 E	87 I		88 N	89 C	90 I		91 R	92 Q		93 D	94 E	95 A	
96 G	97 H	98 J	99 N		100F	101R	102L	103B	104P		105M	106D	107A	108R		109F	110G	111H	112D	
113N	114L	115A	116Q		117K	118M		119I	120N	121D	122F	123P	124M	125B	126O		127H	128F	129O	
130N	131G	132K		133J		134A	135B	136F	137E		138S	139P		140H	141E	142M	143C	144R	145D	
146P	147O	148L	149J		150C	151F	152S	153B	154A	155E	156Q	157I	158K							

DEFINITIONS

A. Commerce or energy — 83 49 154 107 24 115 134 8 95 17

B. Ancient Athenian assembly — 153 9 30 58 80 125 103 135

C. Form of witchcraft — 143 89 31 150 69 37

D. Politician's favorite kind of speech — 85 93 39 106 20 50 121 145 4 112

E. Bismarck's other home — 86 94 48 155 68 16 59 137 141 78 2

F. Comprehensive-sounding lottery — 109 67 128 151 12 84 100 29 122 44 136

G. Monorail engineer's type of mind (hyph.) — 81 131 47 110 62 13 96 22

H. Coastal town south of Los Angeles (2 words) — 42 74 1 57 18 111 36 127 97 26 140 79

I. Wild West solution to a problem — 63 40 157 119 87 66 90 32

J. Quartz variety, or small type — 133 149 98 71 15

K. Like Grandma's cooking — 132 117 45 158 77 10 27 61

L. Fido's treat — 56 72 114 7 21 148 102

M. Imperiousness — 19 118 105 55 76 5 142 43 124

N. At the same time — 11 120 41 113 70 88 130 99 34

O. Descriptive of a Shakespeare character needing domestication — 126 129 14 28 73 147 35 46

P. Shortest guy on the potato farm! (2 words) — 139 104 23 123 146 51 38 3 60

Q. Buckeye land — 92 116 156 54

R. Storm danger — 108 75 25 101 91 65 144 6 53

S. Court's agenda — 82 138 152 64 52 33

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 60 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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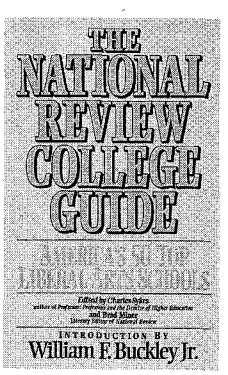

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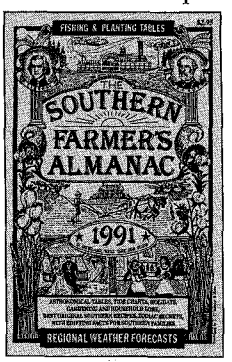

SIMON

(Continued from page 58)

give you exactly one minute," and proceeds to play the Minute Waltz while she makes verbal love to him.

At night at the chateau, the drunken Musset, bottle in hand, bestrides a white charger, shares a piece of fruit with his mount (they eat it from opposite ends), and rides him into the Duchess's library, now serving as Sand's bedroom. While vainly trying to make out with his former love, he starts crudely laughing: the horse is dropping steaming fruits of another kind on the manuscript Sand has been toiling on. In tones as vulgar as only Patinkin can muster, Musset exclaims, "The horse is a critic!"

"No one really expects me to live long," moans the nerdy Chopin, to which Sand: "Balls! Take my strength; I have too much of it!" This is true enough of Judy Davis, who, with a different director and script, could have made a fine George Sand. But what can anyone do with, say, Liszt's "The music I might have written if not for the guilt that has eaten my vitality," or Sand's "I am delighted to find you are not a man at all but an angel," or Marie's "I can't imagine anyone reading this prose, it would melt the Alps"? At one point, Sand says to an importunate ex-lover, "You're a menace to the future of art!" I don't think *Impromptu* is anything to the future of art, though it is a small but distinct infestation of its past and present. □

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Solarz to the Rescue

NEW YORK, APRIL 10

The events of the past two weeks have been as destructive of Western morale as anything that might have been conceived of during the ecstasy of early March short of a midnight raid by Iraq's Republican Guard that carried off General Schwarzkopf and his principal aides. The dissipation of the moral satisfaction earned by Mr. Bush merits careful examination: because it teaches us that rigid geopolitical formulae have to yield to moral considerations, when these achieve transcendent importance.

The view of the Bush Administration going in was that having effected the evacuation of the Iraqi army from Kuwait, we'd have done our job. Moreover, that it would be critically important not to pursue the enemy to Baghdad, because to do that would be a) to exceed our franchise, as written by the United Nations; b) to raise suspicions among Arab nations that we were back in the imperialist business; and c) to run the specific geopolitical risk of upsetting the balance of power in the area by bringing on the Lebanonization of a country which borders on Iran, Turkey, Syria, and Jordan.

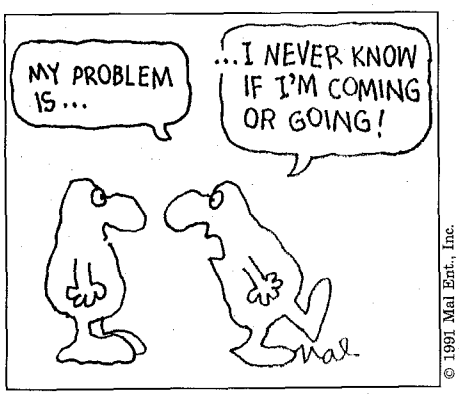
That was the schematic that guided U.S. policy. It is textbook stuff which, left standing on its own, could competently defend itself in any seminar.

But it was overwhelmed by events of the kind that influence Western thought. We do not know the casualty figures, but the context of them is 1.5 million Kurds destroyed by Iraq during the past eight years. And, in the south, the excuse to mobilize against the Shiite minority that was the catapult that might have sprung Saddam Hussein out of office. Suddenly all that the world could see was little Kuwait, slowly trying to put its house in order, well protected in the south by Saudi Arabia, in the north by the diminishing ranks of the great Coalition. And everywhere to the north, bloodshed and torture and threatened starvation for every enemy of Saddam Hussein. If General Schwarzkopf had been retained to destroy the opposition to Saddam Hussein, he could not have done better than he has been ordered to do, by standing, immobile, while attack helicopters kill the freedom fighters.

Is it too late? Probably. But Congressman Stephen Solarz, whose voice was critical in the days when Congress debated whether to back Mr. Bush's military operation, is at it again. In the winter months he pleaded with his colleagues to back military opposition to Saddam Hussein. He did so as a politician who had opposed the Vietnam War with his special gift for omnipresence (when Congressman Solarz decides to take on a cause, you read about it in the *New York Times* and *The New Republic*, view him pleading on the Sunday talk shows and on *Crossfire*, and hear him on the car radio). It was not possible, under the circumstances, for his critics to dismiss him as a perennial hawk.

Mr. Solarz plans now to call on the United Nations Security Council to consider a resolution which would instruct the government of Iraq to stop instantly the genocidal war against the Kurds and the rebels in the south, the failure to comply with which order would constitute a call on the Coalition to renew its military operations against Iraq.

It will not prove easy for those countries that voted in favor of the liberation of Kuwait to cavil at the Solarz resolution. No doubt it will be argued that to kill one's own residents is an internal affair, by which standard the United Nations could not have interfered with Adolf Hitler, so long as his death camps were within the territorial boundaries of Germany. Spokesmen for relief can argue that the renewal of the military operation is merely to complete that which was begun in January: that the repulsion of the Iraqi forces from Kuwait served only to chop off a few tentacles from the monster that continues to wage aggressive war. The best thing Mr. Bush could do would be on his own authority to destroy the destroyers, because time has very nearly run out; failing that, to back the Solarz resolution; failing that, to abandon any claim to the triumphant act of statesmanship we have all applauded. □



Feting Mrs. Chamorro

NEW YORK, APRIL 15

The enthusiasm with which Mrs. Chamorro is being greeted is, to say the least, confusing. We have every reason to celebrate the Nicaraguan people's repudiation of the Sandinistas one year ago, a stunning repudiation of a movement hailed by the Left worldwide, not excluding many prominent American Democrats. Their position was that the Sandinistas genuinely represented the interests of the Nicaraguan people: who, finally given an opportunity to tell such as Tom Foley and Christopher Dodd and Pol Pot what their own view of the Sandinistas was, rejected them by a vote of 55 to 41 per cent.

Bringing in as president Mrs. Violeta Chamorro, the widow of the valiant newspaper publisher who had opposed Somoza and got shot for his pains.

The whole Widow Chamorro business was complicated from the beginning by a division within her own family. Two of her children were anti-Sandinista, two pro-Sandinista. Such confusion has not been seen since poor balmy Lord Redesdale found that he had brought up one daughter who became Hitler's pin-up, another who married a fascist, and a third who became a Communist.

In Nicaragua the blow came quickly: Mrs. Chamorro announced the names of her Cabinet. The chief of the armed forces would be Humberto Ortega. *Chief of the armed forces.* Something on the order of defeating Hitler and keeping Goering on as head of the Luftwaffe.

Mrs. Chamorro, who is a very charming lady, put forward her idea of a coalition government as a gesture toward reconciliation. This idea was more happily accepted in Washington than in those

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parts of Nicaragua that had suffered the tribulations of Sandinismo for ten years. The immediate objective was to persuade the Contras to disarm. They did this reluctantly, given that the Sandinistas could not very well disarm since they are the official army of the republic. They reduced in size (from ninety thousand to thirty thousand), but this was no doubt done smilingly, given that the former president of Nicaragua, Daniel Ortega, blurted it out that the election simply meant that from now on he would need to rule "from underneath."

Miss Roxana Chahin of the International Freedom Foundation, which keeps tabs on Sandinista operations, reveals that as recently as ten days ago Ortega repeated that phrase: no doubt more credibly than when he first spoke it since he now has one year's history to back his claim of surrogate leadership, one year of runaway inflation, negative growth rate, and systematic persecution of former freedom fighters.

The grand act, in this connection, happened on February 17. Enrique Bermúdez, who had been a leader of the Contras, was back in Nicaragua systematically inquiring into such matters as the mysterious killings of former Contra patriots. His turn came. As he stepped into his car in Managua he was gunned down.

Enrique Bermúdez had been tipped off that he was on a Sandinista hit list. He sent a note to Cardinal Obando y Bravo —the straightest arrow in town, having opposed first Somoza, then the Sandinistas, and now the so-called "Chamorro–Sandinista symbiosis." Bermúdez requested that in the event of his untimely death, the cardinal read from the pulpit his premonition of disaster, and point the finger at those forces likeliest to want Bermúdez killed.

Mrs. Bermúdez has pleaded eloquently for a disinterested investigation of the killing of her husband. (The investigation undertaken by the government was led by the police. Headed by? A Sandinista.) President Bush wrote a letter of condolence to Mrs. Bermúdez offering U.S. technical aid. Mrs. Bermúdez has leapt at that offer, hoping that the U.S. Government would supply the same kind of sleuthing help provided in neighboring Salvador in the attempt to track down the killers of the six Jesuit priests. Mrs. Chamorro, while making all the appropriate lachrymal sounds over the death of Bermúdez, has not overridden her Sandinista authorities to take charge of the investigation.

Nor has she acted in any of a dozen ways to undo a decade's disruption. Property has not been restored, and great areas of the country are threatened by Sandinista warlords. Mrs. Chamorro canceled a meeting at the National Press Club. The good thing about state dinners at the White House is that you don't have to answer questions. □

Search That Freshman

NEW YORK, APRIL 5

The bust at the University of Virginia revealed that several fraternity brothers were taking cocaine, and that one or more of them were dealing in it, a word that can be used to describe the activities of a Mafioso selling the stuff by the carload to infect as many people as possible; or an expansive type who wants to share his poison with one or two friends.

What ensues is an uproar, in part because the tradition of gentility at U.Va. is pronounced, and although a certain amount of alcoholic roistering is known to go on, to the extent that the stimulant is hard drugs, the general protocols are that utter discretion is in order. But utter discretion in this case ran up against hard-nosed narcs who laid siege to the fraternity and after days and perhaps weeks and months of close observation, cracked down on it, bringing on the headlines.

It is now proposed by one law-enforcement agency that students at the University of Virginia be given random tests, to ascertain whether they are taking drugs. Nothing to it, really; just ask the sophomore kindly to step this way, and urinate into a bottle; or—these would be the more ambitious narcs—yield a strand of his/her hair, because the hair sample, when analyzed, will trace marijuana, just for instance, back several months, whereas you are safe if the last time you smoked was on Friday, and your urine sample is taken on Monday. There is heated opposition by the student body to the idea of random drug tests.

Now the suggestion of such tests tells us the lengths to which the drug-hounds are willing to go. The students at the University of Virginia are not professional pilots or bus drivers or locomotive engineers, who have a fiduciary responsibility on which other people's lives and limbs depend. But what is it that we are going to establish, by taking random tests of college students? You see, we know what the results of these tests are going to be.

The University of Virginia's Institute for Substance Abuse Studies reveals that 1.2 per cent of the college population experiments with cocaine, 14 per cent with marijuana. Now this is regrettable, because to experiment with marijuana or with cocaine exposes the test pilot to the chance of addiction: and addiction can and often does mean spiritual and biological death. The good news—and why not rejoice in it?—is that the heavy majority of experimenters grow up.

Approximately 90 per cent of those who try cocaine give up the use of it permanently. The same figures apply to marijuana. Alcohol, test pilots tend not to give up, the majority continuing to use alcohol often up until the night they are in a position to toast their last day on earth. Tobacco is the most addictive of the lot, grabbing hold tenaciously of 36 per cent of those who experiment with it—although smokers have reduced in number by twenty points during the last twenty years, and if the rate of decline continues, the last person who will die of tobacco-caused lung cancer will do so along about the year 2020.

Seasoned thinkers should begin their examination of drug-chasing by understanding a little bit about the folkways of growing up. Every reader of these words who went to college can on reflection think of a dozen people who would occasionally get drunk in sophomore year and nowadays are happy with a drink or two or a bottle of wine. There is that one person everyone remembers who died an alcoholic: 75,000 people do, every year, and four times as many smokers die every year. Statistically, you are correctly more concerned with your roommate who begins smoking than with your roommate who decides to snort cocaine at some party: both are fools, but colleges are crammed with fools. It is one of the purposes of college to accelerate the rate at which young men and women cease being quite so foolish as they tend to be in late adolescence.

But the very idea of random testing for drugs on college campuses brings to mind the warning of Milton Friedman in his passionate letter published in the *Wall Street Journal* several years ago begging drug czar William Bennett to give up on the idea of illegalizing drugs, given that progress in such a war could only be made at the risk of massive intrusions on privacy. Myself, I'd volunteer as the executioner of any professional who sold hard drugs to a minor. But there would be no professional drug merchandisers, if drug sales were regulated and legal. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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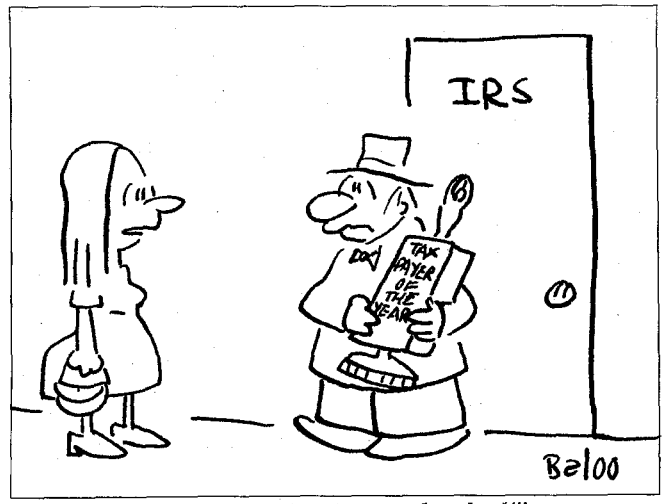
OFF THE RECORD

Violeta's Blues. Nicaraguan President Violeta Chamorro's visit to Washington was intended as a triumphant celebration of democracy, but it didn't quite turn out that way. First came a *Washington Times* story charging Mrs. Chamorro's chief of the armed forces, General Humberto Ortega, with directing the assassination of former Contra leader Enrique Bermúdez. Then came a follow-up article in *Human Events* and the special package in *NR* by Ambrose Evans-Pritchard and Roxana Chahin ["Nicaragua's Killing Fields," April 29], detailing hitherto unreported evidence of mass executions in Nicaragua and raising questions about the propriety of honoring Mrs. Chamorro with a state visit so long as the Sandinistas retain control of her government. Four days before Mrs. Chamorro arrived in Washington, the American Security Council sponsored a trip by Mr. Bermúdez's widow, Elsa, to testify before the Organization of American States about discrepancies in the autopsy of her husband and to complain that the man heading the murder investigation is an East German–trained Sandinista police chief.

In the midst of this adverse publicity, President Chamorro canceled a scheduled address to the National Press Club. According to the club, it's the third time that she has done so. The day after the cancellation, the American Security Council charged that the Nicaraguan ambassador to the OAS, José Antonio Tijerino, tried to prevent Mrs. Bermúdez from testifying. Nevertheless, Congress saw fit to honor the Nicaraguan president with an opportunity to address it in a special joint session. It figures.

Where Was Teddy? While the tabloids were following the escapades of the Kennedy clan that fateful Good Friday, the senior senator from Massachusetts was missing in action on a bill sponsored by Judiciary Committee colleague Joe Biden (D., Del.). Saying that violence against women is "out of control" in the United States, Mr. Biden introduced The Violence against Women Act of 1991, which includes doubling the federal penalty for rape as well as establishing a federal commission on the subject. Senator Kennedy, who traditionally lends his name to every women's resolution in the Senate, was conspicuous by his absence on this one.

Dornan of Arabia. Not everyone is giving up hope on the Middle East these days. Representative Bob Dornan (R., Calif.) thinks he sees in the new world order a solution to two intimidating problems: rebuilding war-ravaged Kuwait and finding a home for the Vietnamese boat people. On a recent trip to Kuwait, the Honorable Mr. Dornan presented a letter suggesting that since the emir needs large amounts of unskilled and semi-skilled labor, and since there are some 110,000 unwanted Vietnamese refugees languishing in camps across Southeast Asia, Kuwait might want to make everybody happy by bringing the Vietnamese in as guest workers. Kuwait's ambassador to the United States said he was "intrigued" by the idea and would look into it.



"I didn't realize it was that bad!"

The Gay International. Gay-rights groups have not yet managed to change U.S. civil-rights law to prevent discrimination against homosexuals, but they are claiming to be more successful over at the State Department. Every year State produces a report to Congress on human rights, country by country, and this year's report mentions favorably a Danish law prohibiting discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation and recognizing gay marriages.

The World Congress of Gay and Lesbian Jewish Organizations says that State's new concern is the result of a meeting between the director of the Country Human Rights Report Team, Tom Williams, and three gay activists on April 9. According to the WCGLJO, State is now "encouraging the submission of information concerning violations of the human rights of lesbians and gay men across the globe, as well as progress toward protecting these rights." A State Department spokesman said that this interpretation was reading more into the meeting than was there, and that there is no change in the nature of the reports. Cato looks forward to reading about the improved situation for gays in free Kuwait.

Scud Alert. In Afghanistan folks are wondering why the rest of the world has raised such a fuss over the 68 Scuds launched by Saddam Hussein at U.S. forces, Saudi Arabia, and Israel. According to Representative Don Ritter (R., Pa.)—who speaks fluent Russian, by the way—in the last two years the Afghan regime has launched 1,500 Scuds against the *mujahedin*, each with a two-thousand-pound warhead, as against the five-hundred-pound warheads launched by Saddam. Congressman Ritter also notes that Soviet personnel are directly involved in the launching of these missiles, including the 35 Scuds fired between March 17 and 31 of this year in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent the *mujahedin* from taking the city of Khost. Maybe it's time to send the Afghans some Patriots, too. —CATO

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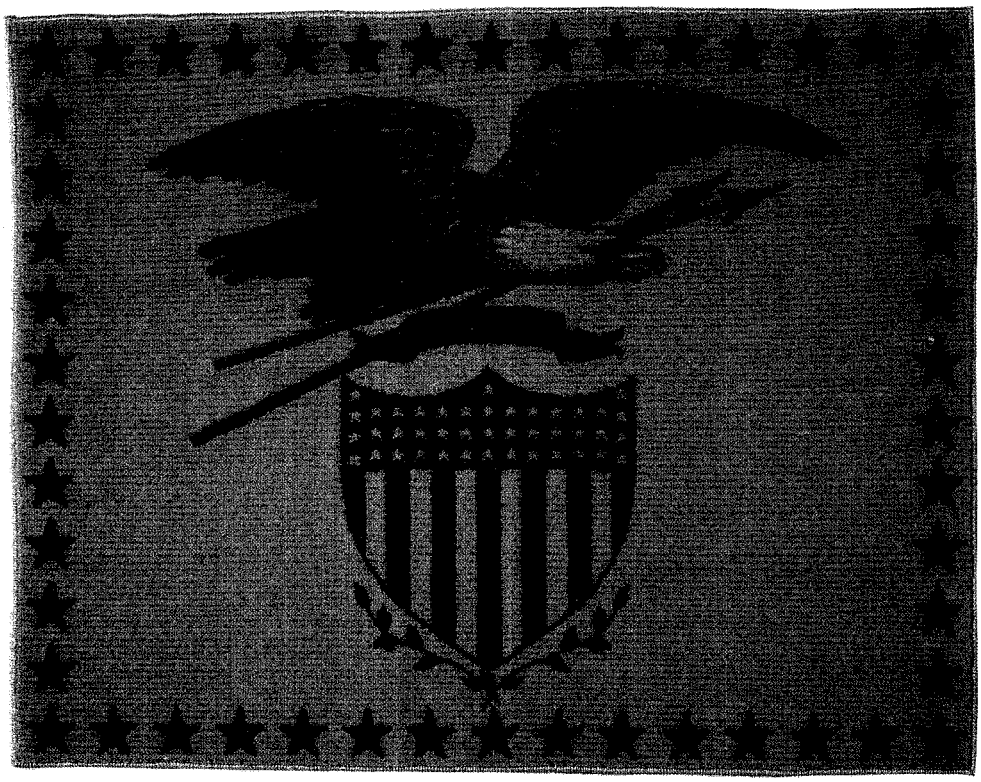

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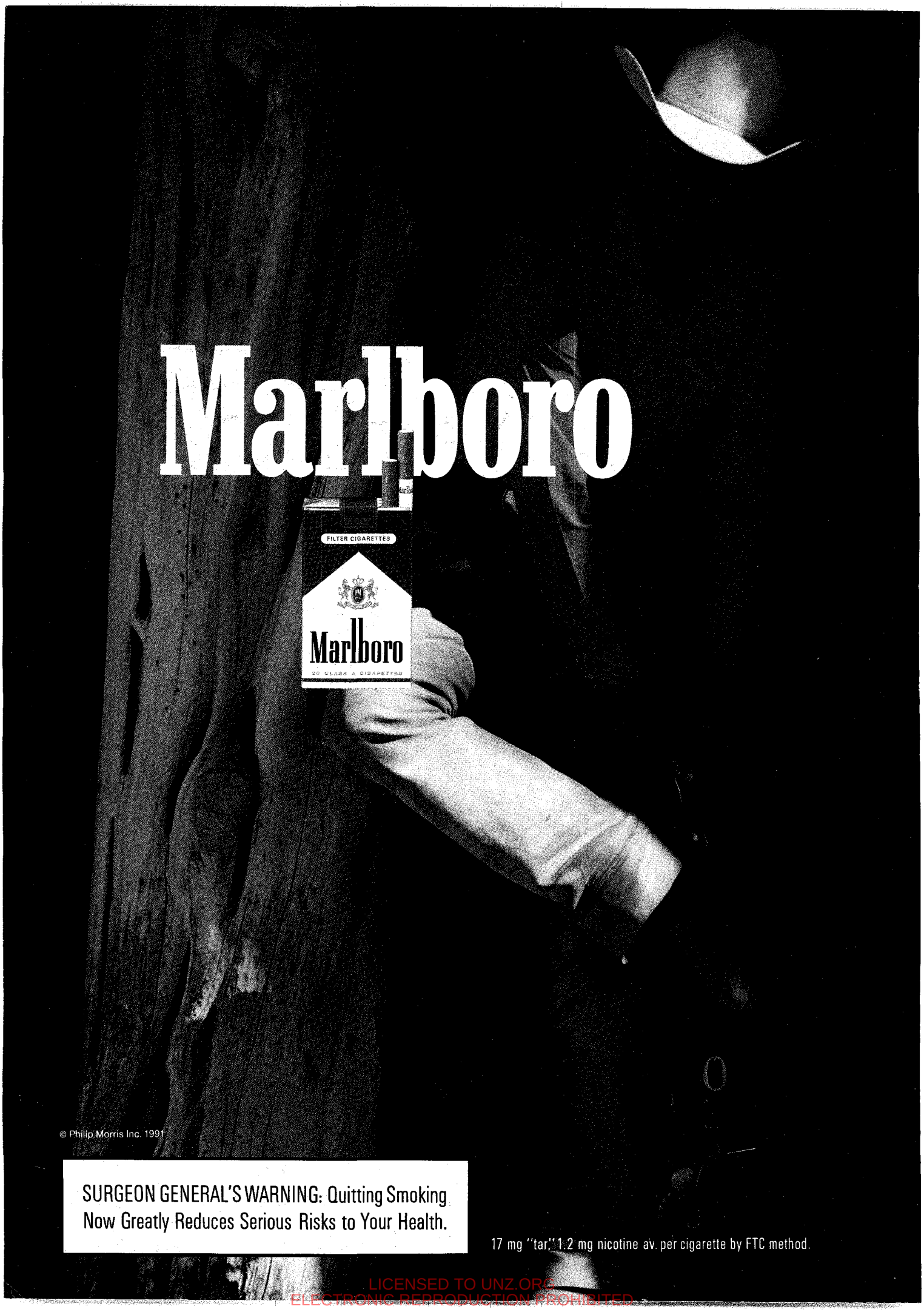

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